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COLONEL WILLIAM DUER.

FROM the tone of kindness and affection which pervades the letters of Hamilton to his early and constant friend, the late Colonel William Duer, contained in the 'Correspondence' of the former, edited by his son John C. Hamilton, Esquire, and published by authority of Congress, we have been induced to inquire more particularly respecting one for whom this great statesman and soldier of the Revolution, and ablest defender of the Federal Constitution, manifested so much regard and esteem. With this view we have had recourse to the 'Duer Papers,' in the library of the Historical Society, and other authentic sources of information, from which we have collected the materials of the following

MEMOIR.

WILLIAM, fourth son of the honorable John Duer, one of his Britannic Majesty's Council for the Island of Antigua, and of Frances, daughter of Major-General Rowland Frye, President of the same, was born at his paternal seat in Devonshire, England, on the eighteenth of March, 1747. His father, though residing in England, possessed large estates in Antigua, and in the neighboring Island of Dominica, then lately ceded to Great Britain. He was born in Antigua, but educated in England, from whence, in after-life, he occasionally visited his West-India property, residing for short periods at Antigua, where he cultivated two plantations, which had descended to him from one of the first English settlers, an officer of rank in the army of Charles the First.

At the death of that misguided monarch, this loyalist ancestor of Mr. Duer, with many others of the cavaliers, took refuge in the West Indies, and, in order to escape the notice of Cromwell, transformed his name of DE VERE into DUER. His grandson, John, was twice married. By his first wife he had an only son, called, after his gallant ancestor, EDWARD. He was a Captain of Grenadiers, and served in this country during the 'old French war.' Upon his return home, he married; and at his death left one child, a daughter, who married the late Commodore Yeo, and, if

still living, resides at the place in Devonshire inherited from her father. By his second wife John Duer had, beside the subject of this memoir, three sons and four daughters. Two of the former and one of the latter married and left children : but one of the children of those sons survive, a female, who married, and is now living ; so that, there being no collateral relations of the name, it has been transferred from England to America, where it bids fair to be continued.

William Duer and his two elder full brothers were educated at Eton. The elder one entered the church, and at his father's death became owner of the larger plantation in Antigua, near St. Johns. To the second son was given the smaller one, near English Harbor ; and to William and his younger brother the estate in Dominica. William had entered the army in his father's life-time, and went to India as aid-de-camp to Lord Clive, when that great man returned thither as Governor-General. He was but in his eighteenth year when he received this appointment, and probably owed it to the friendly intercourse existing between his father and his Lordship as country neighbors. After seeing some service there, he was attacked by the fever of the country, and during his convalescence was, by the advice of his physicians, sent home.

Upon reaching England, he found that his father had recently died, and, beside his share of the Dominica estate, had left him a handsome pecuniary legacy. This induced him to leave the army and repair to the West Indies, whither his younger brother had preceded him. Thence he visited the English colonies on this continent, to make arrangements for procuring and supplying lumber for the family plantations in the West Indies, and to avail himself of a contract to furnish the British Navy with masts and spars, which he had obtained through the interest of his brother-in-law, a son of the Earl of Marchmont, the friend and correspondent of Pope.

With this double object William Duer came to New-York in 1768, bringing with him credentials from the Admiralty to the colonial authorities, and letters of introduction to the most eminent private residents of the city and province ; among others, to Lord Stirling and Colonel (afterward General) Philip Schuyler. The former informed him of a tract of land suitable to his purposes, then on sale near the residence of the latter, and advised him to repair immediately to Colonel Schuyler, at Saratoga, for farther information and advice. He lost no time in commencing the journey ; and, at its end, was received by Schuyler with the generous hospitality for which he was distinguished. Hence began that intimate and confidential friendship between them which ended only with the life of Mr. Duer. Upon the recommendation of Colonel Schuyler, he made the purchase, including the falls of Fort Miller, about five miles above Saratoga, in the town of Argyle, on the east bank of the Hudson.

Here he immediately commenced felling the lofty pines and other timber, with which the tract abounded, and erected saw-mills, to which he afterward added a large grist-mill, a snuff-mill, and, when the revolutionary war seemed inevitable, a powder-mill. And, as he had resolved to make the place his permanent residence, he built a spacious and commodious mansion, rather adapted to the accommodation of a family than to his own comforts as a bachelor. He had not long resided

there, when he was appointed Colonel of the militia, and a Judge of the courts of the county, which offices he held until the Revolution.

In the year 1773, he paid a short and last visit to his native country. Having there settled his affairs under his father's will, he returned within the year to New-York, by way of the West Indies, where also he had business to arrange. He immediately resumed his residence at Argyle, and continued in the prosecution of the objects of his establishment until the commencement of the revolutionary war. He was shortly afterward elected a member of the Provincial Congress, by which body he was tendered the office of Adjutant-General, but declined the appointment from an impression that he could be more useful in a civil station. When, in anticipation of the Declaration of Independence, the several colonies, in pursuance of the recommendation of the Continental Congress, proceeded to form State Constitutions, Mr. Duer was elected a member of the New-York Convention; and soon after taking his seat was chosen a member of the Committee of Public Safety, together with John Jay, Egbert Benson, and Comfort Sands. To this Committee dictatorial power was delegated during the recess after the final adjournment of the Convention, and until the organization of the government under the State Constitution. It was while serving on this Committee, which held its sessions at Fishkill, that Colonel Duer proposed *the burning of the city of New-York* to prevent its being occupied by the British army; and had he not been overruled by his colleagues, the energetic exploit of Rastopchin at Moscow would not have been unprecedented.*

During this period, also, he held those interviews, in the mountains near West-Point, with Enoch Crosby, the Harvey Birch of Cooper, upon which the adventure introduced into '*The Spy*' is founded. A narrative of the real circumstances which form the staple of the '*Tale*' is given on the authority of Crosby himself in '*The Spy Unmasked; or, Memoirs of Enoch Crosby, alias Harvey Birch: by H. L. Barnum,*' published by the Messrs. Harper in 1828,† which proves that, in this case, as in many others, '*Truth is more marvellous than Fiction.*'

When the State Constitution went into operation, Colonel Duer was elected to the Senate, but did not take his seat in that body, having, before he reached Albany, been chosen by the Legislature a delegate to the Continental Congress. In this august assembly he soon became distinguished for the ardor of his patriotism, and, although one of the youngest of its members, for the wisdom of his counsels. In eloquence he was unsurpassed.

A signal proof of his devotion to the cause of his adopted country, and attachment to the man on whom the success of that cause mainly depended, is related in Dunlap's History of New-York, upon the authority of the late General Morgan Lewis. On the fourteenth of October, 1777, Congress had resolved that no state should be represented by more than seven members, nor less than two. Afterward, at a critical period, when Congress had been driven from Philadelphia to York, in Pennsylvania, but two members were present from New-York, barely sufficient to enti-

* See his letter on file in the Secretary's office, Albany.

† See pp. 106-129.

the State to a vote. One of those, Colonel Duer, was confined to his bed by a violent fever, whereby the State was deprived of its vote. This left a majority of states in favor of the well-known 'Cabal,' consisting of Richard Henry Lee and his followers in Congress, and of Gates, Conway, Mifflin, Wilkinson, and their adherents, in the army. Availing themselves of this advantage, a day was appointed for nominating a committee to arrest WASHINGTON at Valley Forge. Francis Lewis, the other delegate in attendance from New-York, and father of the General, sent for one of the absentees. Colonel Duer sent for his physician, to consult him as to the possibility of his being carried to the court-house, where Congress sat. The doctor told him it was only possible at the risk of his life. The patient then inquired of the doctor whether he thought he should expire before reaching Congress. The former thought not, but declared that he would not answer for the latter's life twenty-four hours afterward. To this Mr. Duer replied : 'Doctor, you have done your duty, now I shall do mine.' He then directed a litter to be prepared, which was accordingly done, and the sick man placed in it, when the arrival of Gouverneur Morris, and the certainty that New-York would now be against them, induced the faction to abandon their project ; and thus the hazardous experiment of Colonel Duer was rendered unnecessary.

General Gates and suite, of whom Colonel Lewis was one, but no party to the plot, had been detained by ice three days at the Susquehanna, where Mr. Morris joined them. On their arrival at York, he and Colonel Lewis immediately repaired to the quarters of the New-York delegation, and found Colonel Duer on the litter wrapped in blankets, and attended by his physician, ready to be carried to the court-house.*

This intrigue, which was but a link in the chain of machinations contrived by the same parties, was communicated by Colonel Duer to his friend Lord Stirling, by whom, as is well known, a subsequent one of the same parties was discovered, and revealed to General WASHINGTON. The correspondence relative to the first led to a greater intimacy and more frequent intercourse between Lord Stirling and Colonel Duer ; and soon after the recovery of the latter, he received in marriage the daughter of his early friend. The ceremony took place at her father's seat near Bas-kingridge, New-Jersey, on the twenty-seventh of July, 1779.

At the expiration of the term for which Colonel Duer had been elected to Congress, he declined a reëlection, having been persuaded by Lord Stirling to accompany him to the northern department, to the command of which the former had been appointed as Commissary-General. He therefore removed to Albany, where he continued to reside, with occasional visits to his estate at Argyle, until our troops had been withdrawn from the northern frontier, and the Commander-in-Chief established his headquarters at Newburgh. In order to be near him, Colonel Duer removed to a place on the opposite bank of the Hudson, not far from Fishkill Landing, where he remained with his family until the peace of 1783. It was while residing here that the memorable meeting of the officers of the army took place at Newburgh, to which WASHINGTON repaired in

* DUNLAP's History of New-York : volume II., pp. 133, 134.

person, to prevent any rash proceedings, and exhibited the specimen of natural eloquence related by President Duer in his Address before the St. Nicholas Society, the account of which was probably received by him from his father, who was present on the occasion. Unwilling to trust to his power of extempore speaking, WASHINGTON 'reduced what he meant to say to writing, and commenced reading it without spectacles, which, at that period, he used only occasionally. He found, however, that he could not proceed without them. He stopped and took them out, and as he prepared to place them, he exclaimed: 'I have grown *blind*, as well as *gray*, in the service of my country.'

Upon the evacuation of New-York by the British troops, Colonel Duer removed to the city, which thenceforth seems to have been his permanent residence. His determination to make America his home had been the occasion of regret to his family in England, and especially of pain to his sisters. But the part he took at the Revolution in favor of his adopted country was approved by them all. His brothers and brother-in-law were staunch Whigs; and it appears from a letter to him from one of the former, that their maternal uncle, an East-India Director, contributed two hundred pounds sterling for the relief of the widows and orphans of the Americans slain at Bunker-Hill.

Not long after the departure of the British army, Congress removed from Philadelphia to New-York: in consequence of which, Robert Morris, the Superintendent of Finance, so justly celebrated for his services in that capacity during the war, resigned his office, from unwillingness to leave his place of residence, and preferring, now that peace was restored, to devote that time to the management of his own affairs which had been so long given to the public. On this occurrence Congress established a Board of Commissioners of the Treasury, of which Colonel Duer was appointed Secretary. In this office he continued until the Board was superseded by the Treasury Department under the present Federal Constitution.

In the interval he was elected a member of the State Legislature from the city and county of New-York, in order to promote the grant of the import-duties, as yet levied by the State, to Congress. But not even his eloquence could prevail against the selfish policy by which we were then governed. The refusal, however, contributed to forward the plan of a national government to which the power to impose such duties should be transferred; and when the new Federal Constitution was submitted to the people for their ratification, Colonel Duer engaged with all his native ardor in promoting its adoption. It appears also, from a letter of Mr. Madison to the son already mentioned in connection with the Newburgh meeting, that his father was the author of several papers auxiliary to the 'FEDERALIST,' in which the financial questions and measures arising out of the new Constitution were fully and ably discussed.* Subsequently, while the Constitution was under consideration in the state conventions, he was the organ of communication between the leading Federalists in those of New-York and Virginia.† Mr. Madison, in his

* SEE DUER'S Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States: p. 373, Appendix.

† SEE Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States: pp. 367-370, Appendix.

letter above referred to, alludes to their correspondence on that occasion in the following terms: 'I had, as you may recollect, an acquaintance with your father, to which his talents and social accomplishments were very attractive; and there was an incidental correspondence between us, interchanging information at a critical moment, when the elections and state conventions, which were to decide the fate of the new Constitution, were taking place.' *

After the adoption of the constitution, Colonel Duer had resolved to retire from office, and give that attention to his private affairs which, after so many years spent in the public service, they may be well supposed to have needed. But, at the earnest solicitation of his friend Hamilton, recently appointed Secretary of the Treasury under the new government, he consented to accept, temporarily, the subordinate station of Assistant Secretary, created expressly for him, and to remain in it until the machinery of the Department was set in motion, and a system of taxation and revenue fully digested. To these subjects he now gave his whole attention, and by his calculations and counsels materially aided and diminished the labors of his friend and chief. In this office and these employments he continued until the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia.

During his connection with the Treasury he had been led to the consideration of questions relating to the encouragement of domestic manufactures, and the protection due to the productive industry of the country. To reduce his principles to practice, he proposed, and assisted in forming, a company for the manufacture of woollen cloths, and, upon its incorporation by the Legislature of New-Jersey, was placed at its head. No time was lost in erecting the first mill at the falls of the Passaic, and setting it in motion; and from this beginning arose the flourishing town of Paterson, with its numerous and various manufactories. At a later period, he established a cotton-mill on the river Bronx, in the county of Westchester, which, it is believed, was the first of the kind known in this country.

It would have been well for Colonel Duer had he confined himself to manufactures, in conjunction with the contracts his former experience led him to engage in with the government, for supplying the army in the western country, under General Sinclair, during the first Indian war, with clothing, as well as provisions and military stores. These objects, though profitable, were not sufficient to satisfy his active and enterprising spirit; and, with all the confidence of his sanguine temperament, he entered ardently and largely into speculations in the public securities, both of the United States and of the several States, under a full conviction that such portions of the latter as had been issued for debts contracted in the revolutionary war, for the common benefit of the confederacy, would be assumed by the United States, and the whole funded. He was equally confident as to the future value of the stock of the first Bank of the United States, and of the rise of land in the military tracts of the State of New York; and accordingly purchased extensively in both.

Although, by his advice, and the use of his name, he had contributed

* *Ibid.*, p. 373. See also a very interesting letter respecting the nomination of the first Vice-President, *ibid.*, pp. 369, 370.

to the fortunes of several of his friends, he at length became a victim, not so much to his own imprudence and misplaced confidence in others, as to a strange misconception on the part of a subordinate officer of the Treasury, who supposed him to be deeply indebted to the government. This official, finding, upon his entrance into the department, two charges unbalanced in the books against Mr. Duer — one in 1788 and the other in 1789 — for certain *indents of interest* delivered to him, amounting together to two hundred thousand dollars, hastily concluded that the debt still existed. Without inquiring into the nature of the transaction, he directed a suit to be brought against Colonel Duer to recover that sum. The latter immediately pleaded a set-off to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars, which was sufficient to cover the debt claimed to be due from him, together with the amount due to him under his army-contracts, then unliquidated. Upon the interposition of this plea, the suit was suspended, and no farther proceedings ever had in it.

But the mischief was already done. The remedy came too late. The private creditors of Mr. Duer were alarmed, and prosecuted him for demands which, but for this untoward interference of the Treasury official, he would have been amply able to satisfy, by unforced sales of his lands and *scrip*, as the certificates given upon his subscription of stock in the Bank of the United States were called. Indeed, the latter alone would have sufficed to meet all private claims against him, could he have retained it until the stock was issued, as was abundantly proved by its rapid and extraordinary rise after the Bank went into operation. Prevented in this, his ruin was inevitable and complete; and he was constrained to execute an assignment of the greater and more valuable part of his estate for the benefit of his confidential creditors, and such others as chose to avail themselves of it and agreed to its conditions. But few did so. Executions were issued against the remnant of his property, not included in the assignment, as well as against his person. The one was sacrificed at sheriff's sales; the other never was discharged, although eventually, his remaining debts did not exceed ten thousand dollars!

The *indents*, upon which the fatal suit of the government was founded, appear to have been delivered to him while Secretary of the Treasury, for confidential purposes, shortly before, and immediately after, the organization of the government under the new Constitution; and, from the nature of the case, either no vouchers were taken, or, if taken and preserved, they were rendered personally to the President or Secretary of the Treasury, at periods subsequent to the transaction; and, if ever deposited in the department of the latter, they must have been destroyed in some of the conflagrations of the Treasury buildings. Upon either of the former suppositions, it is easy to account for the omission, in the books in which the charges were made, of the objects to which the securities in question were to be applied. Upon either of the latter, it would be difficult.

It is equally difficult to believe that large advances of money, as was at different times the case, would have been made to Colonel Duer in 1791 and 1792, upon the contracts he entered into with both the treasury and war departments for the supply of the western army, had he then been considered a debtor to the government, in a sum much greater than the amount to be expended by him under those contracts,

and for which, indeed, there remained heavy claims upon the Treasury at his death. For the settlement of these, his representatives have frequently petitioned Congress, hitherto without success; the standing objection to their allowance being their antiquity, although more ancient claims by others, and for larger amounts, have, in the mean time, been satisfied. But, what is more extraordinary, upon one of the contracts in question, which, with the knowledge of the government, was signed by an agent, but for the benefit of Mr. Duer, the former was sued in the year 1802, three years after the death of the latter, for advances made upon it. From this suit the agent petitioned Congress to be relieved; and he was released from all liability in respect to the contract in question, upon showing that Colonel Duer was the real party in interest, known as such to the government, and upon producing vouchers and proofs of expenditures under the contract for a much larger amount than was claimed to be due.* This balance forms an item of the claims preferred by the representatives of Colonel Duer.

Notwithstanding the surrender and sacrifice of his property, Mr. Duer remained, for a time, not wholly without resources for the support of his family, and the education of his younger children. He still possessed some lands in the States of Vermont and Maine, then a part of Massachusetts, not liable to execution by his creditors. He made advantageous sales of these, and secured his wife's dower in the former, by the bond of the purchaser to trustees for her benefit; the interest of which was paid for a few years, when the purchaser, discovering that, by the laws of Vermont, no right of dower vested in a wife, availed himself of the circumstance with success in a plea to a suit brought upon the bond. Her right as to the lands in Maine had been signed off at their sale; the proceeds of which were invested, for the benefit of his family, in the cotton-mill before mentioned. The title to it was transferred to trustees, who subsequently disposed of the property to the purchaser of the lands in Vermont, who, residing out of the State of New-York, made it a condition that Colonel Duer should, at a salary to be deducted from its profits, continue to direct and superintend the agents to whom its management had been entrusted. The bond of that person, who had brought a large capital with him from Europe, which was considered a sufficient security, was given to the trustees for the consideration-money, upon the sale. Mr. Duer continued his superintendence of the establishment until the sudden and unexpected failure of the proprietor, when his salary ceased and the bond became worthless. Thus was he deprived of his last resource.

He did not long survive the loss. Broken in constitution as well as fortune, his bodily disease aggravated by his mental sufferings, and both increased by the prospect of leaving his family destitute, yet he did not despair. He remembered who had promised to be a friend to the widow, and a father to the orphan, and he calmly resigned his spirit to the God who gave it on the seventh of May, 1799.

It is surely enough to excite not merely sympathy, but indignation, to look back upon the career of one who entered life with the advantages and prospects of Colonel Duer, and its termination. Had he not been com-

* SEE 'American State Papers,' vol. 'Claims,' p. 267.

pelled, as we have seen, to leave India, he would in all human probability have gained wealth and fame, upon a field where many inferior to him in natural and acquired talents have risen to distinction and accumulated fortunes. Had he, on his return, remained in England, he might there have won the celebrity, either in the field or in parliament, or in both, which others, and among them some of his contemporaries and connections, not possessed of his abilities for command, or a tithe of his eloquence, have attained. But PROVIDENCE seems to have reserved him for his adopted country, to whose service he devoted his best years, and in whose cause he was ready, as we have seen, to offer up his life a willing sacrifice. Is it not lamentable that such a man should have fallen a victim to the officious intermeddling of a clerk, and the consequent panic of his creditors?

His widow survived him many years, and lived to see their children reaping the fruits of an education in the severe but salutary school of adversity. To lighten the burdens of their parents, the two elder sons entered, at early ages, one the navy, the other the army, and served during our difficulties with France, from 1798 to 1801. They then commenced the study of the law, and in due time its practice; with what success they pursued it we need not mention. Both were elevated to the Bench, which the younger still adorns. The elder, after serving in the Legislature and in the courts for upward of twenty years, was elected President of Columbia College, in which office he continued for more than half that period, when he was compelled by ill health to resign it, and retire into the country, where, having regained it, he lives among the hills of New-Jersey, in the enjoyment of a green old age, surrounded by several of his family, and the choicest blessings of domestic life. The daughters of Colonel Duer have been equally blessed in their respective spheres. A younger son married and died in early life, leaving two children, both of whom are married, and one has a family, as have most of the elder branches of the family; some of them, indeed, children's children. Thus has a family, extinct in its ancestral land, when transplanted to a more genial soil, increased and multiplied to the fourth generation, with the promise of numbering its thousands.

S O N N E T .

OFTTIMES I fling me on a mossy hill,
 Beneath the shade of some o'er-arching tree,
 And listen to the hum of breeze and bee,
 And modest melody of bird and rill.
 Serene CONTENTMENT dwelleth ever here,
 The purest spirit of my leafy cell;
 And LOVE and JOY surround me with a spell;
 And HOPE, the daughter of the dawning year,
 Sings music to me, chasing all things drear.
 Oh, happy faeries of my solitude!
 Companions of my silent, sylvan hours!
 I would that SPRING, with her young band of flowers,
 And you, ye happy, heart-delighting brood,
 And I, might ever dwell in this breeze-haunted wood!

Cincinnati, Ohio.

J. P.

ADDRESS TO CONNECTICUT RIVER.

BY THE 'PEASANT-BARD.'

WHEN first the Indian, on his wild survey,
Broke from the covert of his forest way,
And on thy shore a breathing statue stood
To gaze upon thy silver-gleaming flood;
If ever Indian struck poetic fire,
Or faintest warble from APOLLO's lyre,
If ever red-man breathed a grateful prayer
To the GREAT SPIRIT, it was then and there!

On our cold border of Canadian hills,
Midst lonely lakelets and unnoted rills,
Thou hast thy birth, sweet River of the Vale,
Of fountains purest, and that never fail.
My fancy paints thee on thy march begun,
The infant river's first essay to run:
A sturdy brooklet, gathering the springs,
And giving 'promise of much greater things.'
So some bright genius, from a lonely birth,
Goes with his God-gifts to rejoice the earth.

On glides the stream, and with increasing length,
Receives in trust its volume and its strength:
Here, by wild mountain shagg'd with piney hair,
A brook comes tumbling down its rocky stair,
Leaps to thy bosom with a shout of joy,
Like some delighted, journey-promised boy;
There, more like maiden, sweet, composed and still,
Steals from the plain the tributary rill.
Anon, fresh from its native mountains roll'd,
Wild Ammonoosue, with its waters cold,
Adds to thy wealth; and farther still along,
Sweet Ashuelot hails thee with a song.
Pocomtuc, hermit of the western hills,
Gives to thy flood his own collected rills;
Fretted with toil, and seeking rest in thee,
Sinks to thy breast the laboring Chicopee;
And Westfield, murmuring for its Indian name,
Still bright and sparkling as at first it came
From Berkshire's caverned hills and rifts of snow,
Adds to thy pureness, as it swells thy flow.

Oh, life-blood of the valley, and of me!
Thus pulsing on, thy current seeks the sea;
And when thy shores give place to Ocean's tide
That opes before thee, rolling far and wide,
Like one whose life in blessing has been passed,
Thou glidest calmly to thy rest at last.

So rich and varied, with enchantment rare,
Along thy banks thy bordering beauties are;
Should painter copy faithfully and true
The scenic glories that belong to you,

Scarce nature copied would his picture seem,
But some bright, beauteous, ideal dream.
Variety is thine; as if to move
The multifarious taste of man to love:
Here, by green shores thy waters seem to sleep;
There, flashing, dashing, in a torrent leap,
Flecking with foam the trembling, cliffy shore,
And sending far abroad their muffled roar.

Oft, waked at midnight, I have mused to hear,
Borne by the night-breeze to my 'dreaming ear,'
The solemn anthem of thy thundering tide,
Where TURNER battled, and the Indian died.
Now lulled the breeze — a whisper hoarse of grief;
Now swelling rose the death-song of the chief;
And Justice, prompting with his rigid power,
Scann'd History's record at the thoughtful hour.
Ah, yet more just shall that stern record be
To those who loved, and named, and died for thee!

Thou dost exert an influence in thy flow
Strong as thy current, and as silent too.
Thy shores that bless with beauty every eye,
Thy placid waters stealing calmly by,
Thy elms so full of dignity serene,
Thy mountains sleeping o'er a quiet scene,
Incite to peaceful thoughts, and ope the road
That leads 'through Nature up to Nature's God.'

And many hardy wanderers of the deep,
Who plough its billows or beneath them sleep,
First dreamed of ocean in life's morn, when they
Toiled on thy banks, or strayed in childish play:
Thy mimic surges, whispering on the shore,
Awakened love for ocean's solemn roar;
Thy seaward journey, and expanse so wide,
Waked curious longings for the shoreless tide.
Then Fancy pictured, with her colors gay,
Their hopeful future, bright, and far away:
A life of daring on the ocean-wave,
The fadeless laurels of the seaman brave,
Such as MACDONOUGH and DECATUR wore,
The flag of Freedom and the battle's roar;
The piping winds, the music of the deep,
All vaguely blended as in dreams of sleep,
Wrought those high colors on their youthful brain
Which Time will fade, but not retouch again.

How oft a LEDYARD can from distant lands
Look back to thy bright flood and silver sands
As first incentives to that spirit high
Which stirs the trav'ler, and directs his eye
O'er earth in search of paradise to roam,
To find, at last, 't was left with thee at home!

And much I owe thee; more than I can sing:
E'er half-fledged Fancy tried her fluttering wing,
When floating thoughts, of Truth and Fiction born,
Hung, like thy misty cloud on April morn,

O'er and around me — vapors of the brain,
 Now like to something, now convolved again —
 Thy charming influence shaped the forming strain;
 It rose incited by the Naiad throng;
 God gave the elements — thou gav'st the song!
 And kneeling, now, beside thy crystal brink,
 Thou'rt the Piërian from which I drink.

Oh, sweetest stream that poet ever sung!
 Here to thy waters is my offering flung.
 Would that its worth were such, a bard might know
 Thou wouldst upbear it while those waters flow!
 And when, in years that swift are stealing on,
 I to the shadowed spirit-realms have gone,
 Some bard more skilful and with sweeter lyre
 May thee emblazon with APOLLO's fire:
 Smoother than mine his strains for thee may move,
 But more devoted *cannot be* his love.

Gill, on the Connecticut.

J D O.

THE MIDNIGHT EXCURSION.

A LEGEND OF THE VALLEY OF GRAND RIVER.

BY LEWIS J. BATES.

THE valley of Grand River, the largest in Michigan, is perhaps the most noted for the beauty of its scenery, which cannot fail to awaken the interest of the traveller, especially when viewed in the luminous, balmy atmosphere of the Indian Summer; when the rich, gorgeous tints of the foliage of the nearer upland trees contrast so delicately with the dark green of the far-off 'bottom' and 'timbered' lands, or the pendent branches of the stately pine. True, its beauty is of that quiet, dreamy kind, so perfectly in accordance with the soft languor of the drowsy air; but this renders it none the less pleasing: it is just the scene for the imagination to revel in unrestrained; leading the beholder back to the time when the foot of the white man had never paced the deep arcades of the cool forest, nor his eye drank in the placid beauty of the gentle river, nor his ear listened to the grand, swelling anthem of the waving pines. And at such a time, when he contrasts the appearance of the mighty unbroken forest of the past with the smiling hamlets and villages that now meet him at every turn of the road, has he not felt the conviction that this great, almost magical change, has not taken place without noble daring, long privation, severe toil, and dispiriting disappointment; in fact, all of the strange and beautiful, in incident and adventure, which constitutes romance?

Twelve or fourteen years ago, when the now flourishing young city of Grand Rapids was but a trading-post for a few straggling Indians, and containing, all told, hardly half-a-dozen houses; when, for miles up and down the river, but one or two white families were to be found; a single

lone log-house stood near the present village of Lyons, long known to the early inhabitants as the 'Genero Place.' With but two exceptions, this was the only building in the township; and, though inhabited by a family of 'half-breeds,' (as those having a stain of Indian blood in their veins were called,) was, nevertheless, the most considerable trading-post and general stopping-place in the county.

In those days, as the houses of white settlers were so distant from each other that a day's journey was usually required for one to visit many of those whom he denominated 'next-door neighbors,' every person was expected to keep open house for the entertainment of all travelers or other persons who passed that way, expecting to be, in turn, himself accommodated, at any time he chose to return the call; and few ever regretted availing themselves of the kind-hearted hospitality of the hardy settlers.

Few in numbers, and unable to see each other, from the remoteness of their several places of abode, more than half-a-dozen times a year, at best, when they did meet, one can easily believe, the greeting was a warm one; and the evenings passed happily in the enjoyment of those social pleasures from which they had been so long debarred, the jovial settlers taking 'no note of time,' as they puffed away at the friendly pipe and told long tales of the hardships, sufferings, and privations of each since they last met; how 'neighbors B.'s provision-bar'll had gi'n out, and he'd been living on tater-tops and what meat he could kill for the last six months;' or how 'old Bill A. had been having the ager, and his folks pickin' up a livin' out o' roots and yarbs;' or brushed away the starting tear, as they learned, for the first time, of the death of some old companion or trusty friend, who had, perhaps, been under the sod for six months, and they all the while ignorant of their loss.

The speculation in land, which has so greatly retarded the growth and prosperity of many of the western states, was not as yet over, although slowly subsiding; and men were frequently called upon, at all hours of the day and night, to guide the inquiring speculator to some section already fixed upon, or to point out the best mill or probable county-seat in the knowledge of the pioneer; and it is not a little remarkable, that more than one fourth of the whole number of sections located, no matter how absurd the expectation, were 'probable county-seats.' So eager were the contending parties, whenever one portion of land happened to be selected by two or three different individuals, or was supposed to have attracted ever so slightly the eye of a rival, that no pains or expense were spared to hunt it out, ascertain the section and township, and register it as 'located' in the Land-Office, in advance of all competition.

Of those who were most frequently employed in this manner, A. F. Bell, then a young and enterprising lawyer, became perhaps as well known as any; and no doubt laid, in his pursuit as 'land-hunter,' the basis of his future success in life. In fact, he appeared to have a natural talent that way, and could point the inquiring speculator to half-a-dozen sections in a row, in any given township, no matter where, each or all of which he was ready, for a sufficient compensation, to warrant as the location of the future county-seat, or the site of a large manufacturing city; and could, when liberally rewarded, plant his foot on the

precise spot of ground where the corner-stone of the future city-hall would be laid. The bluff heartiness of his manners won at once the confidence of his hardy companions; and his extensive knowledge of the surrounding country made him an invaluable acquisition to the exploring parties who penetrated into that region of the wilderness.

Late one afternoon, being suddenly called upon to find a tract of land lying some distance up Maple river, which empties into Grand river at the village of Lyons, he proceeded to the Genero House to find a companion to accompany him on his expedition. Here he found a man named Jackson, a half-breed, who had often accompanied him before, sitting in a kind of brown study over the fire, whose services he engaged; and a boy was despatched for a man named Hunt, one of the earliest settlers of the village, who, it had been ascertained, was intending to proceed in the same direction, and whose company would make up quite a pleasant little party.

It was a cold, bitter cold, dreary night in mid-winter—for the night had set in before their arrangements were complete—and the two sat over the fire, spinning yarns, sipping from the brandy-flask, as cosily and comfortably as if they expected to turn into a warm bed, rather than attempt a long journey through the dark forest, occasionally, as they grew more and more mellow and merry, breaking out in the wild chorus of some backwoods song. The snow lay in deep drifts, but the river, having remained open until after it had fallen, was frozen smooth and glassy as a mirror; and the pair drew on their over-coats, muffled up their throats, took down their rifles and skates, and replenishing the bottle, awaited with impatience the arrival of Hunt.

At length he came, bringing in with him a great quantity of snow, and a gust of frosty air that made his companions shiver in spite of their rugged frames.

‘Tell *you* now, boys, it’s a smasher—it is!’ he exclaimed, as he knocked his heels together and shook the snow from his great shaggy bear-skin cap and coat. ‘Here’s luck!’ he added, as he took a long pull at the flask.

Though the conversation was kept up with spirit, Jackson was observed by his companions to pause suddenly, and grow abstracted, during the last few moments; but, on being rallied about it, he laughed, though with a sickly effort, and appeared half inclined to remain at home. The sly winks of his companions, however, first at himself, and then at the brandy-flask, overcame his objections, whatever they were, and he became, in a few moments, the gayest of the party.

It might be that he had a presentiment of coming evil; but, if so, he kept the secret locked in his breast, and his comrades never discovered his motives.

Men who consider themselves above all superstitious notions, all exploded theories of spiritual impressions, may smile as they will at the numerous and well-authenticated accounts of forewarnings, forebodings, and similar phenomena; but there are those who firmly believe, and on reasonable grounds too, that PROVIDENCE does sometimes, in mercy, permit men to lift for a moment the veil that hides the mysterious future; but the glance is so sudden and unexpected, that but little is known or

felt as a fixed fact, but rather as a dreamy, morbid impulse; an indefinite feeling of impending danger, into which the person often plunges in spite of his shadowy apprehensions.

Binding on their glittering skates at the water's edge, the party sped merrily away, making the woods echo with song, and shout, and jest, and merry laugh. The moon lacked some hours of being down, and the wind surged heavily through the naked branches of the trees, that glittered like fairy giants with the pendent icicles, flashing and crackling in the clear moon-light. The crisp, black ice gleamed and sparkled beneath their flying feet, which left long, white, undulating lines upon its surface, now clearly revealed as they kept along in the centre of the stream, and anon growing vague and indistinct as they approached the shadows of the gloomy shore. The solitary howl of some startled wolf, or the sudden rending of a frozen limb, were the only sounds to cheer them on their lonely way, save the dead sighing of the night-wind in the thick forest, and the sharp rattling of the icy boughs.

Mile after mile had been traversed, and the party, at first so noisy, had sunk into utter silence, save the ringing of their skate-irons. At first, Hunt, the most sensitive, had shivered, then grown less noisy, and was finally altogether silent, save a muttered yes or no to the remarks of his companions; and the others soon followed his example, occasionally slapping their hands violently together, and drawing in a long, shivering breath. The cold, at first severe, had now become intense; and the moon, already on the wane, was occasionally hid by dark, sombre clouds, whose silent shadows, like dim giant spectres, stole over the wintry landscape, changing it alternately from bright light to intense darkness.

Bell was the last to yield to the influence of the cold; and by this time Hunt was growing drowsy, and had fallen behind. Recourse was had to the brandy-flask, and for a few minutes the men sped on with renewed vigor; but the false heat of the liquid stimulant soon evaporated, and they were again cold, weary, and silent. Doubts as to whether they had not passed their place of destination began to be expressed; and finally, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Bell, the leader, the other two determined to return, unless they reached the end of their journey, an old empty log-hut, close to the water's edge, within half an hour at farthest.

The scene had grown wild in the extreme within the last few minutes. The stream was here much narrower, and of course the current was stronger, gurgling and boiling beneath the ice like the muttered tones of some imprisoned demon; and the steep, bluff banks towered high above them, almost shutting out the glimpses of moon-light they occasionally had. Jackson seemed to have a return of his gloomy forebodings; and his companions noticed, whenever he turned toward them, that his features wore a wild, startled expression, contrasting strangely with the cold glitter of his eyes, which were of that jet-black hue which every where distinguishes and accompanies the slightest tincture of Indian blood.

Just at a long bend in the river, there is a short succession of ripples in the water, marking what is usually called a rift, or rapids; but the

river was now frozen over there, and was about three feet in depth. Immediately above the rapids there is a long, low island, and the ice about the lower end of this was covered with snow.

Finding they could not proceed on the channel they had first chosen, the trio turned back, Jackson leading the way, and attempted to pass round the foot of the island, into the opposite channel. Jackson, who had just been drinking from the flask, dashed fearlessly ahead, although Bell warned him to proceed more cautiously; and Hunt followed with as little prudence, for the intense cold had rendered him reckless of consequences.

Suddenly the ice cracked, broke short off, and Jackson was plunged into the water breast-deep; and the cake which had broken under his weight, being on the upper side, turned up, slowly, steadily, against his breast, with the force of the current, and swept him remorselessly under the ice. For a moment his hands grasped the edge of the field with a convulsive and desperate gripe; but it crumbled beneath his weight, and his last hold on life was broken for ever. He uttered no cry, made no desperate struggles, but turned his eyes imploringly upon his comrades, with a hideous *smile*,* which they can never forget!

Hunt, who had advanced too near the edge of the yawning gulf, slipped suddenly in, with a wild, startling cry; but Bell, grasping a tuft of willows to support himself, extended to him the muzzle of his gun, and, grasping it, he was drawn from his perilous position.

Recoiling from the side of the yawning chasm, the pair gazed, awe-struck, upon each other, and then turned their faces down-stream, in the faint hope of seeing something more of the victim so suddenly borne from them by the relentless waters. As they gazed, just where the water over the rapids below was shallowest, the ice was seen to heave and bend upward, as if by the application of some giant power beneath, and a hollow, pent-up cry of distress swelled and reverberated from the cavernous depth, then died away into the low dirge of the moaning wind, and the hoarse, mocking laugh of the imprisoned torrent!

Rooted to the spot, with eyes starting with horror, the two turned their faces upon each other a moment, and then hastily fled the spot. The wild, low howl of a startled wolf swept mournfully after them on the night-air, from the black, shadowy edge of the forest.

For a while they steadily proceeded down-stream, in silence, casting fearful and restless glances at the great gnarled limbs of the gaunt pines, as they stirred in the chilling wind. But Hunt's clothes were freezing to his body, and becoming so stiff that he could hardly use his limbs. His blood ran through his veins sluggishly, and grew icy cold. Bell noticed this, and at once stripped off the unfortunate man's coat, and replaced it with his own warm one, forcing a large draught of brandy down his throat. This revived him, and they sped swiftly on for nearly an hour; but the cold was intense, and, with his wet garments, it soon became evident that unless relief was shortly obtained, Hunt would never reach

* This is a fact, although somewhat singular. I have frequently seen Indians smile under the influence of extreme fear or distressing pain, and particularly in the case of a chief who was stabbed, in a drunken brawl, in half-a-dozen places.

home alive. Recourse was again had to the now nearly empty flask; but, in pulling it from his pocket, Bell, who had himself grown numb and stiff, let it slip through his palsied fingers, and it was dashed to pieces on the rough ice.

The men became sensible that they were freezing, and their last hope was gone! To add to the horrors of their situation, the moon had gone completely down, and the night was pitchy dark, for heavy black clouds obscured even the struggling light of the stars; and they had forgotten the windings of the stream, and were totally ignorant of their whereabouts. Dismally howled the wind through the dark forest, as if sounding a dirge over the form of the already lost one, or roaring with wild glee over the prospect of two fresh victims.

To remain motionless was sure death; to proceed was almost utterly impossible, so stiff had their frozen limbs become; but, pale and staggering, more like the wan spectres of a horrid dream than living men, they toiled on. Scarcely had they proceeded a dozen rods, however, before Hunt declared his utter inability to proceed any farther. Poor man! the death-chill, with its fatal lethargy, was on him, and his companion in vain endeavored to rouse him to farther action.

What was to be done? To leave the unfortunate man where he was would be to expose him a certain prey to the cold grasp that was already upon his sluggish heart; to carry him seemed hopeless; but Bell determined to try.

Lifting his insensible brother upon his own broad shoulders, with weak, numb limbs, but a true, stout, warm heart, as ever beat in the brawny bosom of a western yeoman, he struggled on. The bluff banks towered high above him, dimly revealed by the light of a few stars that gleamed through a momentary opening in the clouds.

Either he had miscalculated the distance traversed by the party in ascending the stream, or the speed with which they had returned. Turning a bend in the river — was it a star that shone before him, with a clear, mellow ray? No; it could not be; it was a light! Shading his eyes with his hand, he gazed a moment intensely forward, and then, with a cry of joy, sped on with renewed energy. A moment, and the high bluff banks were passed, he emerged upon the broad surface of Grand river, and the wide prairies struggling into the dim light, all white with the sheeted snow, lay spread before him; he stood once more before the old well-known Genero Place, the door swung open, he entered with his burthen, and was saved.

Long months after, when Spring with her bright flowers and glad sunshine had clothed the earth in a fairy mantle again, an Indian announced the discovery of the body of a white man, in an old tree-top, lying in the river, some miles up-stream; a deputation of villagers proceeded to the spot, and the remains of the victim of the midnight excursion were decently buried on the banks of the beautiful stream.

Both of the survivors of that horrible night are yet alive; and one of them has the satisfaction of knowing that his exertions saved the life of his fellow. Neither will ever forget the incidents above narrated.

Grand Rapids, Kent County, Michigan.

T H E R E N E G A D E .

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

HARK, the citherns! Hark, the cymbals! How enchantingly they're sounding!
And the women — ah, the sweet ones! — how they in the dance are bounding;
While beside the cool strand, under his pavilion's purple shade,
Sits the honored prince and hero, sits the famed old Renegade.

For of all who crossed the billows, who the Christian land forsook,
And the Koran for the Bible, for the Cross the Turban took,
Smiled on no one, blessings showering, Fortune's sun so bounteously,
No one e'er became so mighty, e'er so rich and great as he.

And his slave the golden goblet clinks, while beam her eyes of jet:
'True, the Prophet it prohibits, the old tippler MAHOMET;
But thy slave, thy own beloved, SULIMA commends it thee.'
'Cease that clatter, cease that clanging; like church-bells it sounds to me!'

'Lord, what ails thee? Do but tell me. Hast for pleasure no regard?
Dost thou long to range the desert for the lion and the pard;
Or wouldst rather on the Christian's hireling head to prove thy blade?'
'Name, oh! name not even the name of one whose hopes in CHRIST are stayed!'

Thus he spoke, and closed his eye-lids; then, as borne, by mystic power,
On the storm-wind's eagle pinions, sees a church before him tower:
From its lofty steeple gleams the golden cross, a peaceful star,
And he hears the organ roaring, and hears litany and prayer:

Sees himself, as in the golden morn of youth he used to be,
Ere into the Moor-land driven by the storms of Destiny,
A boy, fair-haired and rosy, a censer in his hand,
As he with a mien devoted at the altar's side doth stand:

Sees his sisters, the beloved ones, with the long enwoven braids,
Kneeling opposite and listening with their down-bowed angel heads;
Sees the kind eyes of his mother, as a mother's eyes will do,
Full of hope, yet apprehensive, softly fixed upon his brow:

Sees the priest with eye uplifted, ere the blessing yet is given,
And a thousand strange emotions wildly through his breast are driven,
When, alas! these words of thunder thrill his soul with dark dismay:
'Let him be accursed for ever, who from CHRIST has gone astray!'

Up he started from his slumber: 'Lord, the fleet has come once more,
With thy bold and sturdy Corsairs, thy true servants as of yore:
Come, with booty richly laden, from the far-off Christian land;
And behold! with slaves and captives, how already swarms the strand.'

Through the throng the old man presses. 'T was a scene for pitying tear:
There, together closely crowded, stood the victims, white with fear;
Youth and maiden, tender children, and old age in silver hair,
For, alas! devoid of mercy is the grim and fierce Corsair!

A tender stripling only fearless seems and confident:
 On the sand one sees him kneeling, heavenward his look is bent;
 In his hands a little carven crucifix he firmly grasps,
 Which he often lifts and kisses, often to his bosom clasps!

Round his rosy youthful features flows his hair in waves of gold,
 And his neck, as for the death-stroke, he unfaltering doth hold;
 Looks, with gaze though proud yet gentle, in the Prince's countenance,
 And his cheek, it still is rosy, and unwavering his glance.

And the Renegade in silence gazed on crucifix and boy,
 While a tear-drop, all unbidden, appeared trembling in his eye.
 Back unto his palace goes he, wherefore there were none could say;
 But he ordered all the Christians freed upon that self-same day!

HORACE RUBLEN.

A C H A P T E R O N N A M E S .

BY D. H. JACQUES.

'SINE nomine, homo non est.'

PUTREANTUS.

'Notre nom propre, c'est nous-mêmes.'

SALVERTE.

'WHAT'S in a name?'

Love is a sophist, and the implied but false answer to Juliet's impassioned query is, 'Nothing!' Nothing? Every thing, rather, in thy case, O 'White Dove of Verona!'—enough at least to raise a barrier between thee and the Romeo of thy heart-worship which even love cannot surmount! Such, it seems to me, is the teaching of Shakspeare, in the play; and the world's experience confirms it.

The ancient Greeks attached great importance to names. Plato recommends parents to be careful to give happy ones to their children; and the Pythagoreans taught that the minds, actions, and success of men were according to the appellations which they bore. The Romans seem to have been equally impressed with the same idea. *Bonum nomen bonum omen*, became a popular maxim among them. To select *bona nomina* was always an object of solicitude, and it was considered quite enough to damn a man that he bore a name of evil import. Livy, speaking of such an appellation, calls it *abominandi ominis nomen*. A similar belief prevailed among all the nations of antiquity. It embodied a truth which has not yet lost its significance or its importance. To a man with the name of Higgins or Snooks, no amount of talent or genius is of any avail. He cannot possibly raise himself above a very humble sphere of usefulness. Or let an unfortunate biped have attached to him the appellation of Gotobed, a name which has been borne by many a worthy individual, and he may quite innocently sleep all day! His waking efforts can effect nothing to elevate him to any position of honor or distinction. He bears about him 'the doom of everlasting medioc-

city.' John is a most excellent name, and Smith is a surname which is worthy of respect and honor, but wo to the man on whom they are conjoined! For John Smith to aspire to senatorial dignities or to the laurel of the poet is simply ridiculous. Who is John Smith? He is lost in the multitude of John Smiths, and individual fame is impossible.

All names were originally significant, and were always bestowed by the ancients with reference to their well-understood meaning. Sometimes they were commemorative of some incident or circumstance connected with the birth of the individual bearing them: as, Thomas, *a twin*; Maius, *May*, (applied to one born in that month;) Septimus, *the seventh*. In other cases, they were expressive of the aspirations, desires, or hopes of the parents: as, Victor, *one who conquers*; Probus, *truthful*; Felix, *happy*; Benedict, *blessed*. Not unfrequently they were descriptive of personal qualities: as, Macros, *tall*; Pyrrhus, *ruddy*; Rufus, *red-haired*.

Names are as significant now as they were in the days of Plato, and as important, but we ignorantly or carelessly misapply them, making of them the most absurd misnomers. 'A man with the name of George or Thomas,' as Leigh Hunt very justly observes, 'might as well, to all understood purposes, be called Spoon or Hat-band!' Blanche is now any thing but the flaxen-haired *blonde* which her name indicates. Isabel is no longer *brown*. Cecilia (*gray-eyed*) belies her name, and 'lets fly the arrows of love' from orbs of heavenly blue. Rebecca, who ought to be somewhat *embonpoint*, 'rounded into beauty,' as the poet hath it, is perhaps a slender, lily-like maiden, better suiting the name of Susan. As thus misapplied, our personal nomenclature is worse than meaningless. We should deem the person either hopelessly insane or unpardonably ignorant, who should, in science or in business, thus misuse well-understood terms.

I am not disposed to enter the domain of the abstract, and show, as I might, that there is an inherent fitness in names for persons and things; a correspondence between the word-symbol and the object which it was originally intended to represent, intuitively recognized by the soul, though perhaps not fully comprehended. My design is a more practical one. I propose to present here some of the personal names now in use in this country, with their origin and signification; together with such illustrations, etymological, historical, and poetical, as may occur to my mind while I write. If what I may offer shall prove in the humblest way instrumental in restoring our individual nomenclature to its original significance and importance, I shall not have written in vain.

ADA is well known as the name of Byron's only daughter. It is from the Saxon, (*Edith*, *Eadith*, or *Eade*, *Ada*), and signifies *happy*.

'Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child,
ADA?'

BYRON.

ADELAIDE is of German derivation, and has the meaning of a *princess*.

'A LITTLE maid,
Golden-tressed *Adelaide*.'

PROCTOR.

Adeline is only a different form of the same name.

'WHAT alleth thee? whom waitest thou,
With thy softened, shadowed brow,
And those dew-lit eyes of thine,
Thou faint smiler, *Adeline*?'

TENNISON.

AGATHA, *good*, is from the Greek. To be worthy of this name, indicative as it is of all the virtues, is an object which may well enlist the highest ambition of the fair ones who bear it, whether maidens or wives.

AGNES, *chaste*, is also from the Greek, and is one of the best names in use among us. None but pure, gentle, and loving beings, it would seem, should bear it; but in one case, at least, it has belonged to one in whom the heroic predominated over every gentle sentiment: *Black Agnes* of Dunbar, who, as the reader of history will recollect, kept her husband's castle, like a lioness, against his enemies:

'TWINE, ye roses, for the brow
Of the lady of my vow,
My *Agnes* fair!'

ALFRED is Saxon, and signifies *all-peace*. It is a good name, and should be a favorite among us, boasting as we do of our Saxon or Anglo-Saxon descent, and tracing some of our free institutions to the great and good king who bore it 'in the olden time.'

ALICIA, or *Alice*, is from the Latin, and has the meaning of *noble*. It is one of the sweetest of our female names:

'OH that I were beside her now!
Oh! will she answer if I call?
Oh! would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet *Alice*, if I told her all!'

TENNISON.

ALPHONSO is said to be the Spanish form of the ancient Gothic *Elfun*, *our help*. It is a euphonious name, but is now seldom used. Byron damned it to everlasting ridiculousness in one of his inimitable rhymes:

'UNGRATEFUL, perjured, barbarous *Don Alphonso*,
I really wonder how you can go on so!'

AMELIA, or *Amelie*, (French, *Aimée*,) signifies *beloved*. *Amy*, or *Amie*, and *Emily*, have the same derivation and meaning. Our vocabulary contains no sweeter or more *loveable* name. Happy is she who bears a name pregnant with such sacred significance, and happy the man who is privileged to whisper it in her ear as the highest word of endearment: *Aimée*, beloved! The reader will recollect, in connection with this name, that dark page in the romance of history which records the sad fate of *Amy Robsart*.

ANNA, or *Annie*, (Hebrew, *Hannah*,) signifies *kind* or *gracious*.

ARABELLA (French, *Arabelle*) is of Latin derivation, and has the meaning of *beautiful altar*. Before no place of sacrifice bend devouter worshippers:

'BELLA *Arabella*, belle,
Fairer than my verse can tell:
Well
I love thee, *Arabelle*—
Belle!'

AUGUSTUS, *increasing*, is from the Latin, and signifies that those who originally bore it continually *grew* in power and honor. It has been a favorite name in kingly and princely palaces, but princes have no monopoly of it. Its feminine form is *Augusta*.

BALDWIN, a *bold winner*, is a fine name of the old Saxon stock.

BARBARA is of Latin derivation, and signifies *strange* or *foreign*. Its mention recalls to our minds the melancholy fate of Jemmy Grove, of ballad memory, who died at Scarlet Town of a broken heart, (poor fellow!)

‘For love of *Barbara Allen*!’

BASIL, *kingly*, is of Greek origin. It can hardly be a popular name in these republican times.

BEATRICE is *one who blesses* or *makes happy*. Blessed (*Benedict*) is he on whom she smiles. No name can be more appropriate for a lovely and affectionate woman. Dante immortalized it, and Shakspeare and Shelley have thrown around it the charm of their numbers. It is derived from the Latin. Why is it not more frequently used?

BENJAMIN, *son of the right hand*, is a fine old Hebrew name, and has been borne by men of renown, among whom were Jonson and Franklin.

BERTHA, *bright* or *famous*, is a fine name of Greek origin, and should be more common.

BIANCA is the Italian form of *Blanche*, which, as I have already hinted, has the meaning of *white* or *fair*. It is a sweet name in both forms, but should be fittingly bestowed.

CALISTA (Greek, *καλος*) is *beautiful*.

CATHARINE, or *Katharine*, is derived from the Greek *καθαρη*, *pure* or *chaste*, and is one of the best of our female names. In the Irish it becomes *Kathleen*, and in the Flemish, *Kateline*. A pretty diminutive of Catharine is *Katharina*; but I like it best in its familiarized form of *Kate*. Who ever knew a Kate who was not frolicsome, mischievous, and saucy? What says the poet?

‘KATE’s a sweet but *saucy* creature,
With a lip of scarlet bloom;
Woodbines sipping golden sun-light,
Roses drinking rich perfume;
Voice as dainty as the whisper
Founts give in their crystal shrine:
Saucy KATE, so full of mischief,
Would that I could call thee mine!’

The shrew-taming Petruchio, in the play, thus harps upon the name:

‘You are called plain *Kate*,
And bonny KATE, and sometimes KATE the cross;
But KATE, the prettiest KATE in Christendom,
KATE of KATE-Hall, my super-dainty KATE, y
For all cates are dainties.’

The name of Catharine, disgraced by her of Medici, was honored by the noble but unfortunate queen of Henry VIII., whom the pen of a Shakspeare and the voice of a Siddons have immortalized.

CHARLES. Some etymologists derive this illustrious name from the German *kerl*; Anglo-Saxon *ceorl* or *churl*; a term denoting rusticity, and quite opposed to every idea of nobility. Its real origin may probably be found in the Slavonic *krol*, a king. Thus: Krol, Korol, Karolus, Carolus, Charles. Krol may have come from the Latin *corona* or *corolla*, a crown. Charles, then, is a king, or *one who is crowned*. This seems an appropriate signification for a name which has been borne by so many kings and emperors. Charles sometimes occurs in this

country in the Spanish form, *Carlos*. *Charlotte* is one of the feminine forms of Charles, and, if we accept the foregoing etymology, signifies a *queen*. Those who derive the name from the German, give it the signification of *prevailing*. I have no quarrel here with the etymologist. All Charlottes may be queens of love, and being queens must *prevail* over the hearts of men. *Charlotte Corday* will be remembered as one not unworthy of so brave a name. But

‘My *Charlotte* conquers with a smile,
And reigneth *queen of love*!’

In the home-circle and among her companions, *Charlotte* lays aside her queenship and becomes gentle *Lottie*. *Caroline* is the feminine of Charles, in another form, and of course has the same meaning as *Charlotte*. It is another noble and queenly name, and has been borne by many a noble woman. *Caroline* assumes the familiarized or pet forms of *Carrie*, *Callie*, *Caro*, and *Cal*.

‘Oh! a thing of earth, but half divine,
Is she, my fair young *Caroline*!’

CLARA, *clear* or *bright*, is from the Latin. It is a very pretty name, and is immortalized in one of the best of Scott's novels, St. Ronan's Well. *Clarissa* is from the same root, as is *Claribel*, *bright* and *beautiful*.

‘Diamonds bright shall *Clara* wear,
Woven ’mid her shining hair.’

DANIEL, a *judge*, is from the Hebrew.

DAVID, also from the Hebrew, signifies, as I have already said, *well-beloved*.

DEBORAH, signifying a *bee*, is another good but rather homely name from the Hebrew stock.

EARINE, *vernal*, a name immortalized by Ben Jonson, should certainly be revived.

EDWARD is a *truth-keeper*. The name is of Saxon derivation, and is surrounded by rich historical associations. Its French form is *Edouard*.

EDWIN, *happy winner*, (*bonum nomen bonum omen*), is also from the Saxon.

ELEANOR (French, *Eleanore*) is of Saxon derivation, and signifies *all-fruitleful*.

‘*Eleanore*,
A name for angels to murmur o’er!’

EMMA, *tender*, *affectionate*, (literally, *one who nurses, cares for, watches over another*), is of German origin. Who could desire his mother, his sister, or his beloved to bear a sweeter or a better name? Under the form of *Imma* it was honored by Charlemagne's fair daughter, whose love-history, in connection with Eginhard, her father's secretary, forms one of the prettiest episodes in the chronicles of the time. *Emeline* is simply a diminutive of *Emma*.

ERASMUS is from the Greek, and signifies *worthy to be loved*.

ERNEST, *earnest*, is derived from the German. Its feminine form is *Ernestine*.

EUGENE, *nobly descended*, is of Greek derivation. In the feminine, in which it ought to be oftener used, we give it the form of *Eugenia*.

EVERARD is a good name from the German stock, and has the meaning of *well-reported*.

FRANCIS is of German origin, and signifies *frank* and *free*. It is one of our finest names. *Frances*, of which *Fanny* is the familiarized or pet form, is the feminine.

FREDERICK, *rich peace*, is another German name of historical importance. Frederick, the grenadier King of Prussia, was not particularly well named.

GEORGE, *a farmer*, is from the Greek. It should be a very common name in agricultural communities. It has been borne by kings, and by one, at least, who was greater than any king — WASHINGTON. *Georgia*, *Georgette*, and *Georgianna*, are its feminine forms.

GERTRUDE is from the German, and, according to the etymology usually given, signifies *all-truth*; but Jung-Stilling, in his *Pneumatology*, gives it a very different meaning. Speaking of the Druids, he says: 'Into this mysterious, spiritual order, old women were also received, who by this means attained to considerable rank, and became priestesses. Such individuals then received the title of *Haxa*—Druidess. Both these names were, at that time, honorable appellations; they are now the most disgraceful terms of reproach. The name of *Gertrude*, or *Gertrudis*, is probably also derived from this source, and ought reasonably to be disused, for it has the same meaning as the word *haxa*, or *heze*, *a witch*.' Well, this may be true, for Gertrudes are generally very bewitching.

GRACE, *favor*, is from the Latin. Well may it be a favorite name. Commend to me the *Graces*:

'You may toast your charming Sue,
Praise your *Mary's* eyes of blue,
Choose whatever name you will:
Your fancy or your verse to fill:
In my line no name has place
But the *sweetest one of Grace*.'

HELEN (Latin, *Helena*, French, *Helene*) is of Greek origin. The true signification of it seems to be one of those *vexatæ questiones* which abound in etymological discussions. According to one it has the meaning of *alluring*; another makes it signify *a taker*, or *one who seizes*; while a third defines it as *one who pities*. I am inclined to endorse the last. Many a poor unfortunate lover has found Helen *alluring*, and has finally been taken, *seized*, conquered by the *prestige* of her bright eyes and sweet voice. Happy is he who finds her *one who pities*, for pity is akin to love. *Ellen* is only a different form of the same name. It is often contracted to *Nellie* and *Nell*, and is a fine name in all its forms.

HENRY, *rich lord*, is of German derivation. It has been borne by many kings, noblemen, and patriots. In its familiarized form it becomes *Harry*. Its feminizations are *Henrietta*, *Henrica*, and *Harriet*, who, since they cannot be rich lords, should be *rich ladies*.

ISABEL (French, *Isabelle*, Spanish, *Isabélla*) signifies *olive-complexioned*, or *brown*. This is just the name for a 'bonny brunette;' for such a one as the poet praises when he sings:

'Give me the brown girl, with a bright sunny glow!'

There is a silvery, bell-like music in the name, which is exceedingly attractive, and which has made it a favorite with the poets. One says:

'FULL many maidens' names there be,
Sweet to thee,
Fair to me,
And beautiful exceedingly;
But none on my ear so sweet doth swell
As the name of mine own *Isabel*!'

Mary Howitt, in her *Flower Comparisons*, has the following melodious lines:

'Now for mad-cap *Isabel*:
What shall suit her, prythee tell!
ISABEL is *brown* and wild;
Will be evermore a child!
Is all laughter, all vagary,
Has the spirit of a fairy.

ISABEL is short and brown,
Soft to touch as eider-down,
Tempered like the balmy South,
With a rosy, laughing mouth;
Cheeks just tinged with peachy red,
And a graceful *HEBE*-head;
Hair put up in some wild way,
Decked with hedge-rose's spray.
Now where is the bud or bell
That may match with *ISABEL*?' .

JAMES (in the French, *Jacques*, Spanish, *Jayme*, Italian, *Giacomo*, Scotch, *Jamie*) comes from the old Hebrew stock, and is generally supposed to be the same as *Jacob*, and to signify *a supplanter*.

JOHN is generally supposed to be from the Hebrew, and to signify *gracious*; but Talbot traces it, as he thinks, to the Latin *juvenis*, *a young man*. In the Italian it is *Giovanni*; in the Spanish, *Juan*; and in the French, *Jean*. It has been borne by some of the greatest men that the world has ever produced. It was the name of Milton, Hampden, Locke, Dryden, Howard, Molière, Boccaccio, Hancock, Adams, Calhoun. Shakspeare bestowed it upon one of his best characters, the fat knight who was wont to subscribe himself, 'Jack Falstaff with my familiars; John with my brothers and sisters; and *Sir John* with the rest of Europe.' The name is a great favorite with the very respectable and somewhat numerous family of Smiths; and probably the most noted of all the Johns, ancient or modern, is *John Smith*. The commonness of the name is the only valid objection to it. It has ceased to be sufficiently distinctive, and one sympathizes with the lament of an unfortunate bearer of the ancient and honored but much-abused name:

'Why did they call me *John*, I say,
Why did they call me *JOHN*?
It's surely just the meanest name
They could have hit upon!
Because my father had it too,
And suffered for the same,
Is that a proper reason he
Should propagate the name?'

The English are prone to convert John into *Jack*, and the Scotch into *Jock*, neither of which is either elegant or genteel.

JUDITH, from the Hebrew, signifies *praising*.

JULIUS, *soft-haired*, is of Latin origin. *Julia*, *Julietta*, *Juliet*, and *Juliana* are feminizations of Julius, and should wear on their queenly

heads 'soft and silken tresses.' *Julia* needs no eulogist, since she is one whom the poets have immortalized. *Julietta*, or *Juliet*, is a diminutive of *Julia*, 'but has,' as Talbot remarks, 'apparently united itself with another name, *Joliette*, the diminutive of *jolie*, pretty.'

LETITIA, *joy*, is one of the happiest as well as the sweetest of names. The woman we love should be 'a joy for ever' to our hearts. It is a good old Roman name.

LEONARD is from the German, and signifies *lion-like*.

MABEL is probably from *ma bella*, *my fair*, though some think it a contraction of *amabilis*, *lovely* or *amiable*. The fair ones who bear it have no reason to complain of either derivation.

MADELINE, (Syriac, *Magdalene*), *magnificent*, is a noble name, and a favorite with the poets. It often occurs in the French form of *Madeleine*:

'THOU art not steeped in golden languors,
No tranced summer calm is thine,
Ever-varying *Madeleine*!'

TENNYSON.

MARGARET, a *pearl*, is from the Latin *margarita*. Another, and, if possible, a more beautiful signification has curiously enough attached itself to this name. The German word *magd*, a *maid*, was anciently written *mage* and *moghet*, which words were easily confused with *Madge* and *Maggie*, and thus with *Margaret*. Daisies were also called *maghets*, maids or *margarets*, whence we have the French *marguerites*, daisies. Margaret, then, may be a *pearl* or a *daisy*, as she chooseth; or she may, if she will, combine the beauty and purity of both, in her life and character, and thus prove herself worthy of her doubly significant name. But maidens are something *more* than pearls or daisies, and well may the poet ask:

'WHERE may the bright flower be met
That can match with *Margaret*?'

MARTHA is a pleasant name from the Hebrew, but is unfortunate in its signification, meaning *bitterness*!

MARY. This sweetest of all female names is from the Hebrew, and has the meaning of *exalted*; a truly appropriate signification. It is a famous name, both in sacred and in profane history. In all ages it has literally been *exalted*. From Mary the mother of JESUS to Mary the mother of WASHINGTON, the glory has not departed from the name. It has been linked with titles and power, with crowns and coronets, and adorned by goodness and beauty. It has ever been a favorite with the poets. Byron, as he assures us, felt an absolute passion for it. It is inwoven with some of his sweetest verses. It is still the theme of bards and bardlings innumerable.

'THE very music of the name has gone
Into our being.'

In the French, Mary becomes *Marie*. *Maria* is another form of it.

'Is thy name *Mary*, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be.
The sweetest name that mortals bear
Is but befitting thee!'

MATILDA is from the Greek, and signifies *noble* or *stately*.

MIRANDA, *admired*, is from the Latin. Prince Ferdinand in 'The Tempest' exclaims :

'Admired *Miranda*! indeed the top of admiration.'

NANCY, it is believed, may be traced to the same source as *Anna* and *Hannah*, which have the same signification, *kind* or *gracious*.

OLIVER is from the Latin word *oliva*, an *olive-tree*, and is thus significant of *peace*. *Olivia* and *Olive* are its feminine forms.

PHOEBE is a bright and beautiful name; one full of the happiest significance. Phœbe, *light of life*! What more or better can a lover or husband desire? Those who have read Hawthorne's 'House of the Seven Gables,' (and who has not?) will here recall to their minds the sweet-tempered, cheerful, and warm-hearted country-maiden who brought the sunshine and the fragrance of the fields with her, to enliven and purify the dark, damp, and mouldy old mansion of the Pyncheons. She was rightly named, *Phœbe*.

PHILEMON is *one who kisses*. It is, I think, of Greek derivation.

PHILIP, a *lover of horses*, is from the Greek.

ROSE, (Latin, *Rosa*.) a *rose*, is sweet enough for the name of a fairy or an angel. There is a veritable fragrance in it. It calls up visions of garden-arbors and embowering shrubs and vines. It is poetical as well as euphonic:

'WHERE the Juniate flows,
And the forest shades repose,
Dwelleth she, my lovely *Rose*,
In rural grace.'

Rosabel (Italian, *rosa-bella*) is from the same Latin root, but comes to us through the Italian. It signifies *fair* or *beautiful rose*. *Rosalie*, (French, *rose et lis*?) *rose* and *lily*, combines the fragrance and beauty of two lovely flowers:

'I LOVE to forget ambition!
And hope in the mingled thought
Of valley, and wood, and meadow,
Where, whilome, my spirit caught
Affection's holiest breathing;
Where under the skies with me,
Young *Rosalie* roved, aye drinking
From joy's bright Castaly.'

Rosalind. It is enough to say of this name that it is one of Shakspeare's immortalized appellations. The termination, *lind*, may have been coined by him simply for the sake of euphony, or it may have been derived from the Spanish *linda*, *neat* or *elegant*, (*rosa linda*, *elegant rose*.)

'FROM the east to western Ind
No jewel is like *Rosalind*.'

Rosamond is one of the prettiest names of the rose-family. The derivation of the last part of the word is somewhat doubtful. Perhaps it is from *mundi*, (French, *monde*.) and perhaps from the German *mund*, the *mouth*, so that Rosamond may have originally been *Rosen-mund*, or *rosy-mouth*; but Talbot thinks that it is from the Spanish *rosa montes*, *rose of the mountain*, that is, the *pæony*.

RICHARD is from the Saxon, and signifies *rich-hearted*, or, according to another etymology, *richly honored*.

ROBERT, otherwise *Rupert* or *Ruprecht*, appears to come from the old

Anglo-Saxon words *ro* or *ru*, red, and *bart*, beard, *red-beard*; so says Talbot.

ROMEO, a *pilgrim*, is from the Italian.

RUTH is from the Hebrew, and signifies a *trembler*. It is a pretty name, but is seldom used.

SARAH, a *princess*, is from the Hebrew. In poetry and in familiar address it takes the form of *Sally* or *Sallie*, and is found in many a love-song and ballad.

SOPHIA, *wisdom*, is from the Greek.

‘WILT thou be a nun, *Sophie*?
Nothing but a nun?’

PRACTOR.

SUSAN is of Hebrew origin, and has the meaning of a *lily*. In its familiarized or pet form it becomes *Sue*. It is a very pretty name, and is immortalized in Gay’s well-known ballad, in which its signification is very happily introduced into the closing line:

‘Adieu,’ she cried, and waved her *lily* hand.’

THEODORE is a fine euphonic name from the Greek, and signifies *gift of God*. Its feminine form is *Theodora*:

‘SINCE we know her for an angel
Bearing meek the common load,
Let us call her *Theodora*,
Gift of God!’

VIOLET, a *violet*, is derived from the Latin. For a pure, modest, bashful maiden, what name could be fitter?

WALTER is of German origin, and signifies a *woodman*.

WILLIAM is of German derivation, and signifies *defender of many*. ‘This name,’ says Verstegan, the distinguished French antiquary, ‘was not given anciently to children, but was a title of dignity imposed upon men from a regard to merit. When a German had killed a Roman, the golden helmet of the Roman was placed upon his head, and the soldier was honored with the title of *Gild-helm*, or golden helmet, and was hailed as a *defender*.’ With the French the title was *Guild-haume*, since *Guillaume*. The German form of William is now *Wilhelm*. *Wilhelmine* and *Willamette* are feminine forms of the name. Those who bear them, since they cannot be expected to occupy the post of *defenders*, may well take, as the signification of their names, *worthy to be defended*.

‘What’s in a name?’

‘Imago animi, vultus, vitæ, nomen est!’

EPITAPH ON AN HONEST MAN.

MONEY for tomb-stones is but vainly spent —
An honest man requires no monument:
Cover his body with a turf or stone,
It matters not — to him it is all one:
His name is entered in the Book of Life;
He lives with God — he’s done with carnal strife:
But yet the world would count it a neglect,
To stint the dead of decent, due respect.

T H E D I S T A F F .

FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

BY THE REV JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

THEOCRITUS, when about to sail from Syracuse to Miletus, wrote this idyl on the distaff which he took with him as a gift for THEUGENIS, the wife of his friend NICIAS, the physician.

PURE distaff, formed for spinning, holy gift
Of blue-eyed sage MINERVA, thou dost well
Befit those matrons whose unwearied worth
Makes houses prosper. Go then straight with me
To famed Miletus, NELEUS' ancient city,
Where the tall fane of Paphian VENUS stands
Among the reeds. Thither I beg of JOVE
A swift and happy voyage. There I long
To taste the joys of meet companionship
With NICIAS, whom I love—a sacred plant
Of tuneful graces. Thee, so finely carved,
By skillful hands, from choicest ivory,
I fain would guard for NICIAS' peerless wife.

With her thou shalt accomplish many a work
Of household thrift: stout webs to wrap the limbs
Of strong and valiant men, and light blue robes,
Like some smooth reach of hushed Ionian seas,
For sweet Ionian maidens. Twice a year
May gentle ewes their soft white fleeces yield,
In pastures where the slow Mæander strays,
For blooming THEUGENIS, since she contemns not
Those frugal cares, those chaste and quiet toils,
Which virtuous maidens prize. I would not send thee
To some ignoble home of sloth and pride,
Thee, sprung from my blest land. Thy place of birth
Was Syracuse, renowned for blameless men;
Great Syracuse, which, in the days of old,
Corinthian ARCHIAS built; rich Syracuse,
The boast of all our wide Trinacrian Isle.

Hereafter, cherished at the stainless hearth
Of one well versed in that beneficent art,
Which bids disease and wakeful suffering flee,
Thou shalt dwell nobly where Ionians throng
The streets of proud Miletus. THEUGENIS
Shall sit among the fair Milesian dames,
Holding a well-wrought distaff; and do thou
Remind her of the guest from Arethusa
That honored, in his heart, both her and song.
Looking on thee let friend say thus to friend:
'A little gift has no mean grace. All things
Are precious, when they speak of truth and love.'

A TRIP TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

NUMBER TWO.

TO BATH ALUM AND THE WARM SPRINGS.

Our party was now increased by the addition of a Virginia gentleman and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Easy; for, owing to the indecision of some of us, we had not secured an extra, but went on in the regular stage. Continuing upon the same fine road, and through the same beautiful grazing country, with the long line of the Alleghanies in the distance, we travelled ten miles to Buffalo Gap, which is an opening in the mountains somewhat striking to the eye. The engineers were busy marking out the line of a rail-road on the side of the mountains. Next we reached Oaklands, where people dine on their return from the Warm Springs, and a pleasant place. Then came a tedious ascent of the North Mountain. All who could walk got out and went ahead, occasionally stopping to look at the patient horses as they tugged their way up hill with the cumbersome vehicle, picking wild flowers, and shouting to those in the stage to look at this or that view in the valley below. There is a great sameness, however, about the mountain-scenery in so unsettled a region as this: trees, trees, trees, of every variety, but nothing to show signs of civilized life, except now and then a cow, or a few sheep. We wondered how the owners ever found them out. Gradually we passed from botanical and other romantic topics to more every-day discourse. Mr. Easy flirted with Miss Clara at such a rate that Mrs. Easy affected to be quite uneasy, but vowed she would be even with him. Miss Clara declared that when she got married it would be to one so thoroughly possessed of her confidence that she never could be jealous. Mrs. Easy said that could not be, if she loved him truly. Mr. Easy said that Miss Clara was right. Mrs. Easy gave a look as much as to say: 'We shall see!' Having returned to the stage, we speculated upon the party that had left Winchester for Capon. All agreed that Miss Cushing couldn't be half so sick as her mother thought; a little too much petted, that was all. We wondered what relation Williams and Sydney could be to each other, they were so totally unlike: the former being full of swagger and coarseness; the latter modest and refined, a perfect gentleman. Mr. Riverman began to be anxious for dinner, and repeated inquiries were made of the driver as to the distance to the dining-place. At length, at three o'clock, the welcome shout of 'Cloverdale!' was heard from George Riverman and Mr. Easy, who were on the box, and, with a rapid descent of the mountain, we were soon landed on a shady platform, under wide-spreading trees, in front of a cheerful and extensive public house. Dinner was on the table, and we soon took it off. Venison and chickens, ham and sausages, fresh eggs, pie, sponge-cake, blackberries and cream: we were in clover at Cloverdale. Then the gentlemen took a quiet smoke, while the ladies, with the curiosity of their sex, found out from the register

and the waiting-maid all about those who had preceded them during the last two days, Mrs. Easy finding hosts of familiar names; and, last, though not least in the eyes of their parents, little Nelly and Jimbo jumped and shouted with childish delight among the ducks and the chickens which flocked around to receive the crumbs of bread. It was a scene of quiet enjoyment, fit for a painter.

But 'Stage is ready!' sounded in our ears, and we were once more under way.

Fifteen miles farther, and we drew up in the dark before the new and extensive hotel at

BATH ALUM.

We sent for a pitcher of the spring-water to celebrate our progress thus far into the spring-region. But the water is not of a kind to drink bumpers in. The first person who tasted it was Mrs. Easy. She said nothing, but quietly passed the tumbler on to Mrs. Riverman, who, being on the other side of the stage, did not observe the wry face which the reflection from the servant's lamp revealed to us on the front seat. She was therefore unsuspecting, and being beside very thirsty, swallowed half a tumbler instantaneously, but soon gave utterance to a prolonged 'Oh-h!' and thrust her head out of the window. Suffice to say, that the water is rightly named: it is *alum* water, and no mistake; and a single swallow draws the mouth up like a purse, or a persimmon before frost. The Bath Alum has been long known, but is comparatively new as a place of resort. The Rockbridge Alum, seventeen miles off, has a higher reputation. The waters of both are formed by percolation through banks of alum and other minerals; and in seasons of drought, water is sometimes carted or pumped to the top of the bank in order to furnish a supply for the spring. Some of the rock out of which the springs issue, dissolved in a tumbler of water, produces precisely the same mixture; and some people carry home large boxes of the material instead of bottles of water: 'a practice to which,' Dr. Burke somewhat humorously remarks, 'the proprietors justly object.' This water is considered a very superior medical agent in certain kinds of chronic dyspepsia, and is sovereign in cases of cutaneous disease, making persons afflicted in that way shed their skin like a snake. We only stopped here for fresh horses, which were necessary to draw us five miles farther to the Warm Springs. And such a five miles! The first three and a half are up the Warm Spring Mountains; and, although we had an occasional peep at the moon from behind the clouds, it was so dark that we could see nothing, which was the more provoking, as one of the finest views in the State is to be seen from the summit. The gentlemen walked ahead, speculating on the moon, the stars, the woods, the earth, and the chances of treading on a rattlesnake, a class of 'varmints' which abound in these parts, and the mention of which caused George Riverman to give a kind of convulsive jump every time he happened to tread on a root or fallen twig. At length we came to a toll-gate and small house on the summit, and beheld

'The joyous sight of many a light
In the valley down below.'

It was the Warm Springs village; for the two main buildings and the

rows of cabins form a large village. It seemed as if you might throw a stone down into it, but the descent by the zig-zag stage-road is more than a mile, although soon accomplished.

At eleven o'clock at night, the transition from the solemn and desolate waste of woods through which we had been so long creeping, as it were, to the cheerful reception-room where a bright fire of hickory logs, and subsequently hot tea and trimmings, took off the chill of the night-air, was of the most agreeable kind. I shared with Jimbo in the novelty of 'a room in the garden,' as, for the first time, I entered a neat cabin with two apartments, nicely-scrubbed floor, and most inviting beds, upon which we were soon lost in sleep, and did not awake until an old black woman came to bring us fresh water to wash in, when we found that the sun had been long streaming in at the window over the roses, pinks, and other shrubbery of the little garden in front.

V.

THE WARM SPRINGS.

It was a bright balmy morning, as we emerged from the cabin to the piazza of the main building, or hotel proper, there to take a survey of the place previously to entering the breakfast-room. In front rises abruptly the Warm Spring Mountain, at the highest point of which is Prospect Rock. The stage-road down the mountain turns to the left, and is continued on to the Hot Springs between the hotel and a long row of cabins, rows of which are also in the rear of the hotel. Within the hotel are rooms for invalids and others who do not like to go out to their meals, and a ladies' parlor which we afterward missed at other watering-places.

There is real comfort here. The physician, who owns the place, lives here all the year round, and is not sparing of any expenditure which may contribute to make it attractive. And there is Charles, the fat, good-humored colored man, who was once the proprietor's slave, but has bought his freedom, and still remains to preside over a room under the piazza, lined on one side with stags' horns, on the other with implements for 'drink,' among which huge bunches of mint are conspicuous, and when served up with his peculiar skill in the form of juleps, they are enough to extract poetry from a tax-gatherer.

But the bath, the bath, the bath! the greatest luxury to be found any where, cannot be described. You must plunge to appreciate it.

There are two spacious octagonal buildings, one for the gentlemen, the other for the ladies. There is room enough in either for twenty swimmers. In the gentlemen's the water is five feet deep, clear as crystal, with innumerable little bubbles of nitrogen gas, chasing each other to the surface and patting you with gentle titillations on the back. Heated in nature's furnace, and always kept up to ninety-eight degrees, it is just about as hot as a well man could desire; and—to float about in luxurious dreams upon its surface—oh, it is delicious!

When you come out, if you want any variety, you can plunge into the cold reservoir beyond, or take the cold spout on your head and back. They say that the Russians like it, and that it is very healthy, but it is

too great a shock for my comfort. Jim, the colored man, stands ready, with a blanket and coarse towels, to rub you down, and when you go forth you feel like taking a quiet nap. Were it not for the trouble of undressing, people would be induced to try it oftener than is good for them. And it is rather enervating without the cold plunge; hence it is, probably, that so few remain a great while at the Warm Springs, although the accommodations and table are very tempting.

The invalids go five miles farther to the Hot Springs, where the water is at a temperature of one hundred and six degrees. Here are congregated rheumatic and gouty old people enough to give one the idea of a huge hospital.

If you wish it not quite so warm as at the Warm Springs, and yet not cold, you go to the Sweet Springs, where the temperature is seventy-four degrees, and the gas carbonic acid. But we shall be there in due course, it being the last place on our route.

VI.

A DAY OF REST.

SUCH is Sunday for the poor stage-horses, who are not called into service during the day except on extraordinary occasions; and the quiet is not disturbed by new arrivals, or the mustering of trunks and carpet-bags. One stage, however, was brought into requisition; and a momentary sadness came over the cheerful group assembled on the piazza, as we saw it pass on its way from the Hot Springs, carrying on its top a coffin containing the body of a lady who had vainly sought to ward off the approaches of death by a journey from Baltimore to that watering-place.

We strolled over toward one of two brick buildings at the base of the mountain, a few hundred yards from the spring; and, behind the grated bars of one of the windows, discovered a man who seemed very glad to see any one to converse with: wanted to know if there had been many arrivals on the previous day; gave it as his opinion that the weather was now settled; and informed us, with a roguish leer, that there was to be stated preaching in the court-house, which he should esteem it a great privilege to attend were it not a little inconvenient to leave the quarters which the county had assigned him, and which he found very lonesome, as he was the only occupant. He understood, however, that he was soon to have some very pleasant company in the shape of a person who had, it was alleged, killed his wife when 'disguised by too much whiskey: a vice of which,' he added, with much self-complacency, 'thank HEAVEN, they can't accuse me: I have always been a temperance man. Have you any tobacco?' Leaving this philosopher, who was charged with stealing clothing, to his musings, we repaired to the court-house, where a small congregation was assembled, numbering but few of the visitors to the springs. The preacher was a tall, thin man, with some scattered locks of gray hair, and rather hard, sun-burnt features, evidently one of those itinerants who see life in all its phases, and gather up much practical knowledge of the world. After leading off in a hymn, with a somewhat nasal tone, he took for his text the words, 'Follow not the

multitude to do evil,' and, in extemporaneous remarks, commented at length upon the absurdity of supposing a thing to be right simply because every body says so, the importance of thinking for one's self on every occasion, before following the advice of those around us, so as to be sure we shall do no evil, thereby ensuring the respect of our neighbors; provided we do not strive at undue singularity and disregard of public opinion in matters which do no harm if they are productive of no good. He dwelt upon the disposition of politicians to truckle to the mob, whose opinions are always fickle, and who soon see through the demagogue and make him find his level; the influence of fashion, which controls some people with regard to furniture, style of living, and even religion, and a slavishness to which often makes us dissatisfied with our lot in life, and forget how much better off we are than thousands around us. He summed up somewhat as follows:

'But why do I dwell upon this hackneyed theme? Every one here has probably at times indulged in similar sentiments; but with most of us it is mere sentiment. There is probably not one present who has not concurred with me as I went along, and picked out, in his mind's eye, some neighbor or acquaintance to whom the remarks would apply, without thinking that he himself is more or less open to the same imputation. We are, all of us, ever following the example of the multitude in the pursuit of pleasure, wealth, and honor; but, unconsciously to ourselves, we are ever postponing the fruition of our wishes, by indulgence in evil thoughts or envious suggestions, which disturb the peace of mind of all who rely upon the world for enjoyment. Thousands there are who would esteem it great happiness could they leave the heat and tumult of the city, and find new sources of health and happiness in these mountain retreats. And yet, what with the little annoyances inseparable from travelling, and disappointment in the society they meet with, or in not making such an impression on others as others are striving to make on them, there are many to whom the beauties of nature are wearisome, and even the fountains are divested of their health-giving charms. At home they repair to the sanctuary perhaps from no better motive than because their neighbors are in the habit of going there; so here they go where the multitude go, and too often the chapel for strangers has no charms for that multitude. Those who rely more upon others than themselves for enjoyment can never be contented. Nothing but constant self-examination, by that best of regulators, conscience, lighted by faith, can temper our erring judgment and enable us to live with the multitude, and yet find peace of mind in all times and places.'

'A remarkably clever preacher that,' said an Eastern-shore-of-Marylander.

'Yes,' said Mr. Riverman, 'a good enlargement of the maxim, 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead.''

'It does one good to hear such talk once in a while, I'll be hanged if it don't.'

'No, you will be burned if it don't.'

'I wish that girl we left in the parlor could have heard it,' said Clara, 'she thought herself so pretty, and was so stuck-up.'

'Then she is not following the multitude, for they are all trying to get up.'

'Now, pa! The air of these springs has made you wondrous sharp.'
'So it has — sharp-cut. Dinner is almost ready, though.'
'Remarkably dry old cock that!' said the Marylander to me, as the rest of the party disappeared. 'Almost equal to a fellow I saw in the jail yonder as I passed, who told me that he had set an example of not following the multitude, for he was locked up there all alone.'

A S O N G .

SOME tell you tales of shipwreck dire,
Of ocean-storm and ocean-fire;
Of the fair and brave who have found a grave
Beneath the rude Atlantic's wave:
I sing a song that was sung to me,
Of a wider and a deeper sea.

My heart is a wild and stormy sea,
To the winds all open and bare,
And my little bark of happiness
Is wrecked in the waves of care.

A small but a richly-freighted bark,
For it bore my wealth of love:
For a cloudless sky and a silent sea
I prayed to God above.

With a silent sea it started forth,
And the sky was clear and fair;
But my heart is bare to the wildest storm,
As well as the gentlest air.

And when the morning breezes blew,
I bent my head to hear,
And the solemn sound of the surging sea
Made music in my ear.

But the wintry wind of scorn arose,
And the wintry hail of hate;
And poorly the helpless boat could bear
That fearful storm of fate.

Deep buried in my hopeless heart,
My love has found a grave;
But still the cruel wintry winds
Are whirling the restless wave.

Oh! would I could shut this heart of mine
From every breeze that blows,
That its weary waves, untossed by storms,
For ever might repose!

B A L L A D S O F M E X I C O .

BY JAMES LINEN.

T H E D E P A R T U R E .

CORTEZ, suspecting that VELASQUEZ the Governor would deprive him of his commission as Captain-General of the expedition, leaves St. Jago clandestinely, at midnight, November eighteenth, 1518. He lands at Trinidad and erects his standard, of 'black velvet, embroidered with gold, and emblazoned with a red cross, amidst flames of blue and white, with this motto in Latin beneath: *Friends, let us follow the Cross; and under this sign, if we have faith, we shall conquer.*' He receives reinforcements at Trinidad and Havana. At Cape St. Antonio, the appointed place of rendezvous, he harangues his soldiers upon the greatness and importance of the enterprise. Celebration of Mass: dancing of the Indian allies: final departure for the coast of Yucatan, February eighteenth, 1519.

It was midnight in the tropics; the islands were asleep,
And bright the starry welkin was mirrored in the deep:
It was midnight in the tropics, when CORTEZ and his crew
To friends in St. Jago bade a quick and last adieu.

Ho! the anchors they are weighed, the sails spread to the breeze,
Now soon the little squadron will plough the Indian seas:
'Brave cavaliers and comrades,' the chief was heard to say,
'Valiant will VELASQUEZ be, if he our course can stay.'

At gray break of early dawn, that streaks the eastern sky
And awakes to busy life all that hushed in slumber lie,
Soon spread in St. Jago the spirit-stirring tale,
That CORTEZ and his faithful band already had set sail.

There was bustling in the streets, there was running to the shore,
On wings of wind the tidings flew the sunny Cuba o'er:
Since pious benedictions were showered upon their head—
Could glory fail to follow where Spanish valor led?

Amid strains of martial airs and the sounds of merry song,
The little navy speeds its way the island-coast along:
What heed the fearless mariners, though winds and billows rave?
The good San Pedro will protect the gallant and the brave.

The manly CORTEZ walks the deck; he dreams of conquests vast,
And o'er him streams his pennon from the gently-bending mast:
His thoughts are of the future, not of those he leaves behind;
Ambition's airy visions flit athwart his ardent mind.

The motley troops soon land again; no braver e'er were seen;
And soon a tented camp appears upon the flowery green:
Banners now are flaunting gaily, while loud from shore to shore
The cannon and the falconets their deafening thunders roar.

With blooming flowers deck beauty, ring the bells of Trinidad,
Drink the wines of Andalusia, let each saddened heart be glad;
From Havana and Matanzas all ye daring spirits come;
Oh, hear ye not the bugle and the rolling of the drum?

There are marches and parades, and reviews and active drills,
There is music in the valleys, there are echoes on the hills;
The peasants leave the plough for the buckler and the spear,
And rally round the standard of the gallant cavalier.

From fountains warm and tender there gushed the crystal tide,
The husband left his spouse, and the bridegroom left his bride.
Proud hearts were bounding high, and fair bosoms wrung with pain,
And fond lips met that parting day that never met again.

Before his soldiers stood the chief that knew no slavish fear,
Before their chief the soldiers stood, devoted and sincere;
With helmets bright and waving plumes, they round him closely pressed,
When Cortez to his volunteers these stirring words addressed:

‘Ye gentlemen of Arragon, of Leon and Castile!
I trust in this great enterprise ye all its import feel;
Grand ends can only be secured by long incessant toils,
And only to the brave belong the victor’s golden spoils.

‘Be loyal to your sovereign and to the Spanish crown,
And win the hero’s fadeless wreath of glory and renown!
Lofty honors and distinction, with treasures, may be yours,
And all the other guerdons bright that chivalry secures.

‘While loyal to your sovereign, be to your chieftain true,
As, friends and brave hidalgos, he’ll ever be to you:
By that gold-embroidered banner, and the red cross that ye see,
And this good Toledo sword, he’ll ne’er from danger flee.

‘Oh! where is fair Granada that Castilian arms defied?
And where is the Alhambra in all its mountain pride?
Did not your valiant fathers subdue the Moorish braves?
And where paled the Crescent moon, the Cross in triumph waves.

‘The blood that ye inherit from your chivalrous sires
To deeds of splendid daring and manly valor fires:
Ye go, to conquer kingdoms more fair than Europe’s boast;
Ye go, to find immortal fame upon a savage coast.

‘Though your numbers are but few, your cause is great and just,
And who can say ye may not lay proud empires in the dust?
Should western tribes prove traitors, deep vengeance they shall feel,
We’ll make them and their monarchs mere vassals of Castile.

‘On, then, soldiers of the Cross! we leave this island-shore;
Our well-manned fleet will nobly ride the waste of waters o’er:
We leave our homes, we risk our all, high honors to attain,
When we return our days to spend in our beloved Spain.’

Ho! sounds of loud rejoicings now rent the tropic air,
And some joined the priest OLMEDO in fervent chanting prayer;
In the sun-beams lances gleamed, and war-steeds gaily pranced,
And platoons of dusky Indians to music wildly danced.

The fleet has left its moorings, and ere the day is done,
 Far on the horizon's verge toward the setting sun
 The brigantines and caravels, with their white canvas wings,
 Are faintly seen by anxious eyes, like dim departing things.

New-York, June, 1852.

G O E T H E ' S F A U S T U S .

A TRIBUTE.

BY HENRI DE COISSY.

THERE are legends which appeal directly to the superstition deep-seated in some compartment of every soul; there are poets who spring up at the magic call of a nation's literary emergency to adorn and improve all succeeding epochs of man's history; there are epics, more powerful than laws, which, like beacons, mark here and there the characters, the language, and the tendencies of men, in the twilight of the past.

Of such men, such poems, and such undying legends, every school-boy will point to the most notable examples: 'the blind old man of Chios,' who evoked into being 'the Scian and the Teian Muse,' and his historic coincident of a later age, whose minor light was a celestial radiance.

The shores of the Egean still teem with the clustering growth of Homeric creations, and the mythic legend of Troy has passed into enduring history.

Then, by a natural transition, we advert to the splendor which has confined to the age and court of Octavius the cognomen of Augustus; and while Æneas the goddess-born lives in history, Jupiter and the celestials are endued with an unquestionable claim to immortality in the eloquent apostrophes of Horace.

Nor may we fail to mention, among the first in dignity, SHAKESPEARE, the mighty master of the heart and harp, who wrote for all time and all people.

The epoch which Voltaire has styled the age of Louis XIV., too, is prolific of literary marvels. The pulpit, the poet's sanctum, and the seats of imaginative fiction, gave forth a redundancy of eloquence, of wit, of fine fancy, and of gorgeous creations. But these are historic truisms.

At length there appeared, almost within the limits of our own generation, among the German people, a new and more striking illustration of this magic power of genius; a man whose heart was full of fervor, whose mind was full of philosophy, whose brain was teeming with poetry. He did not seek his subjects from among the mystic and the incomprehensible, but stooping as it were to an old wife's legend which had come with the introduction of printing into Germany, and had been told at every hearth, to every child, 'to point a moral or adorn a tale,'

he raised it from its low estate, and set it as an unfading glory in the wreath of his own genius.

It seems to us that it is well occasionally to review such a production, to contemplate it again and again, like an old scene with which the heart is familiar, and to place our tribute with renewed admiration upon the shrine of Goethe's genius; and we are the more impelled to do this at present, by reason of the aid which we have at hand, in Dr. Anster's translation of the *Faust*, a work never as much known as it deserved to be, and now out of print, but which abounds with so many passages of great force and beauty as in itself to repay our trouble. It may not be amiss, however, to assert, that the translation is rather liberal in these days of *exact rendering*, and that, while some of the dubious passages are rendered contrary to our way of thinking, the whole poem is rather an embodiment of Dr. Anster's general idea of *Faust*, than a literal construction of the words of Goethe. Leaving a philosophical dissection of the poem and the translation to those who are at once poets and critical German scholars, we may be permitted in this connection to say, that it is with great delight we hail within a very few years the dawning of a literal system, as illustrated in the fine translations of Shakspeare into French by Comte Alfred de Vigny, Auguste Barbier, and Léon de Wailly, in which the French dramatic rhythm is retained in its integrity, and the untrammelled blank verse of the mighty master rendered *almost word for word*.

We hope, not without confidence, that the coming translators of Goethe will emulate the *correctness* of the French literati, and that we shall yet read and understand the *Faust* in pure English, exactly as Goethe intended it.

As we sit with the original open before us, and Dr. Anster under our right hand, the angular German type and the peculiar German idiom seem to speak indeed in a language almost defiant of translation, and to say, in the words of Mephistopheles to the wavering Faust:

‘Ich gebe dir was noch kein mensch gesehen’:

and ‘word for word’ is the construction alone which will approach the conceptions of the author.

The poem is preceded by a Dedication, the last verse of which is an epitome of the whole, and will repay the perusal:

‘AGAIN it comes! a long unwonted feeling,
A wish for that calm, solemn, phantom-land;
My song is swelling now, now lowly stealing,
Like *Æol*’s harp, by varying breezes fanned:
Tears follow tears, my weaknesses revealing,
And silent shudders show a heart unmanned;
Dull forms of daily life before me flee,
The PAST, the PAST alone seems true to me!’

The opening scene is at the theatre, and the dialogue is sustained by the manager, who is in want of a play, and a dramatic poet. The manager wants something *ad captandum*, even though it be at the expense of good taste and poetic feeling, and after much confabulation succeeds in irritating the poet, who has a loftier conception of his office and his destiny, and who vents his feelings in the following glowing language:

‘Go elsewhere, and some fitter servant find.
What! shall the poet squander then away

And spend in worthless, worse than idle play,
The highest gift that ever nature gave?

Who then can cheer life's drear monotony?
Bestow upon the dead new germination?
Restore the dissonant to harmony,
And bid the jarring individual be
A chord that in the general consecration
Bears part with all in musical relation?
Who to the tempest's rage can give a voice
Like human passion? Bid the serious mind
Glow with the coloring of the sunset hours?
Who in the dear path scatter spring's first flowers
When wanders forth the lady of his choice?
Who of the valueless green leaves can bind
A wreath, the artist's proudest ornament,
Or round the conquering hero's brow entwined,
The best reward his country can present?
Whose voice is fame? Who gives us to inherit
Olympus and the loved Elysian field?
The *soul of man* sublimed; man's soaring spirit
Seen in the Poet!—gloriously revealed.

The second scene, and the one which has been charged with profanity and even blasphemy, opens upon the light of heaven, with the songs of Gabriel, Raphael, and Michael, in praise of the ALMIGHTY. Mephistopheles enters, and a colloquy ensues between *Der Herr* and himself concerning Faust. The story is taken from Job, and in fact differs from that only in a substitution of names.

The LORD consents to the proposal of Mephistopheles, which is to try Faustus, and to show that man cannot bear the temptations of the Devil.

As an instance of the singular flexibility of the genius of the German language, 'from grave to gay,' we shall quote the final speech of Satan, which, if it disgust our readers, they must blame the demon, and decide whether it would not be consonant to our conceived opinion of his character:

'I'm very glad to have it in my power
To see him now and then, he is so civil;
I rather like our good old GOVERNOR:
Think only of his speaking to the DEVIL!'

Meanwhile Faust, unaware of the snare which is awaiting him, sits in his study—his mind at once highly cultivated and aspiring—seeking to penetrate the future, to know more, to arrive at unattained stations in the intellectual universe. He invokes spirits, and when they appear, he shrinks back in horror from their society. Thus wrought upon, thus perplexed, he determines to put an end at once to himself and his sufferings.

Let us admire the beauty of his soliloquy at this eventful crisis, without losing our horror for the false principle which urges the deed:

'FROM within
Come winged impulses, to bear
The child of earth to freer air;
Already do I seem to win
My happy course from bondage free,
On paths unknown, to climes unknown,
Glad spheres of pure activity.

Shudder not now at that blank cave,
Where in self-torturing disease
Pale Fancy hears sad spirits rave,
And is *herself* the hell she sees:

Press through the strait where stands Despair
 Guarding it, and the fiery wave
 Boils up, and know no terror there!
 Be firm, and cast away all fear,
 And freely if such be the chance
 Blow into nothingness away!

The poison is at his lips; the spirit spreads her wings for the unesayed flight; when stealing upon the silent air the music of bells is heard, and as they die away in atmospheric ripples, a chorus of angels breaks in upon the suicide, arrests his hand, and throws over him a flood of latent feeling.

It is Easter. The angelic song is responded to by the women who went at morning-tide to the grave of 'the CRUCIFIED' to weep, but who were lost in wonder because 'the LORD is not here.' Who will not sympathize with the fevered soul of Faust, as he cries with touching pathos:

'On! once in boyhood's time the love of Heaven
 Came down upon me with mysterious kiss,
 Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath-day!
 Then was the birth
 Of a new life and a new world for me;
 These bells announced the merry sports of youth;
 This music welcomed in the happy spring:
 And now am I once more a little child,
 And old Remembrance twining round my heart
 Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps.
 Then sing ye forth! sweet songs that breathe of heaven.
Tears come! and Earth hath won her child again.'

The next scene presents a motley crowd before the city gate: tradesmen, citizens, maids, students, an old woman and a soldier, and peasants dancing. The latter are represented as gathering round Faust, and loading him with praises for his kindness and philanthropy during the plague. But this is mockery to the aspiring Faust; the praises of a few illiterate peasants, in the ear of him who was seeking the 'starry heights' of science, of intellectual improvement, and of fame.

While his pupil, Wagner, and himself stand in the twilight watching the receding forms of the city crowd, they observe a poodle-dog circling around in the field, as if in search of his master. Faust takes him home, to be a sort of companion in his study, a something upon which his eyes may rest as they turn from his books or papers; a substitute (such is the opinion of many a scholar) for a human associate, more obedient and less troublesome. Not such, however, was the case with this extraordinary poodle.

As his master began his labors, he began to growl and whine; and when Faust undertook to translate the *first verse of the first chapter of St. John's Gospel*, the dog becomes transformed with rage, displaying to the astonished Faust the characteristics of demoniac possession. The air becomes filled with unearthly chantings. One spell is tried by Faust after another, without success, in exorcising the devil, until at last he chances to hit upon the cabalistic rhyme, which suddenly invests the dog with colossal proportions, and enshrouds him in a thick mist. When the cloud disappears, a gentleman in a scholar's travelling-dress appears from behind the stove, and we see Mephistopheles for the first time on earth.

The dog, or rather the devil, could not escape through the door, on

account of a pentagram described upon the threshold; this figure, 'the Druid's* foot,' 'sive salutis signum,' being a bound which spirits cannot pass without permission. Thus forced apparently into contact with Faust, Mephistopheles commences artfully his conversation: he is neither too obsequious nor too exacting, but suits himself to the character, appearance, and station of his intended victim; patient and cool in argument, and in no haste for the result. In order to retire, he has recourse to attending spirits, who sing Faust to sleep in soothing but ghostly strains; and then he calls upon the rats, or demons in their form, to gnaw away the angle of the pentagram which confines him; and thus he escapes. At his next visit, Faust signs a compact with him, which is couched in these words of the Devil:

'I BIND myself to be thy servant *here*,
To run, and rest not, at thy beck and bidding;
And when we meet again at yonder place,
There, in like manner, thou shalt be my servant.'

It is not difficult for a supernatural being to convince a philosopher that he can never know *much*; that his aspirations can never attain their aim; that his longings never can be satisfied. It is more easy still, when once he be convinced of these things, to work upon his despairing *sensitiveness*, and cause him to seek pleasure in the fruition of appetite and passion. Nor is this without many illustrations in every-day life. Thus Mephistopheles dealt with Faust; divorced him from his studies, infected his soul with the leprosy of devilish desire, and remained at his elbow to ensure its consummation in action. Thus he perverted from its holy and useful meaning the noble maxim which has descended to us from Hippocrates: '*Ars longa, vita brevis*;' and our unfortunate hero plunges into the world and its pleasures, convinced that if 'art is long,' man may employ his powers in some more satisfying way than in endeavoring to reach its goal; and that if 'time is fleeting,' we should make the most of it, according to the perverted tenets of the Epicurean philosophy.

In the outset of their adventures we meet them at Auerbach's cellar in Leipzig, where they have entered suddenly upon a convivial meeting of four boon-companions. Then takes place the famous miracle, which is ascribed to Faust's devil in the earliest stories, and which, with other scenes, has been immortalized by the stylus of Retzsch. With great suavity Mephistopheles joins in their chat, exchanges a joke with them, and, upon the discovery that the wine is very bad, he proposes to give them better. For each taste he bores a hole in the edge of the table, and Rhenish wine, champagne, and Tokay flow into their glasses. The caution is, *not to spill*. Through the carelessness of Siebel, some wine is spilt, which immediately turns into flame. The devil quenches it with a word. Another draws the stopper from the gimlet-hole which gave his wine, and flame spouts out. All then, seized with a sudden transport, attack Mephistopheles. He disarms them by incantation and gesture, and straightway they become excited with the most pleasurable sensations; these in turn give way to frenzy, and Faust and his devil leave them fighting among themselves.

* THE Druids wore shoes of a pentagonal form.

I would willingly pass over without notice the scene in the witches' kitchen, and gain time to linger upon more interesting parts of this wonderful poem. Suffice it, that there is a collocation of apes, (called by the translator '*cat-apes*,') of witches, of filthy, dark and nauseating utensils and articles, of devilish speeches, the whole result of which is, to administer a potent and charmed drink to Faust, to excite his passions, and thus to drown the aspiring impulse of his immortality. At the risk of pungent criticism, we think that even to a German reader there must be very little force in this scene. To an American, it is not justified by the end; and the coarseness, the vulgar jocularity, and the indecent familiarity, divested of all the majesty (if we may use the word) of devilish character, are faults which, instead of being easily forgotten, will become more and more glaring by contrast, in proportion as the poem shall be more generally read. The author has the idea which Shakespeare has embodied in Macbeth, but how differently has he invested it!

The spacious heath, thunder and lightning, the introduction of the classic Hecate, the far-famed cauldron, give to the creation of Shakespeare a horror, and at the same time an interest, such as the '*secret, black and midnight hags*' are intended to produce; while the apes of Goethe, the kitchen peopled with grotesque and disgusting figures, the witch tumbling down the chimney and fawning upon Mephistopheles, cause us to lose our interest in our disgust.

Revenons: the drink is charmed and taken, and the scene is concluded.

We next behold the possessed Faust at his first meeting with MARGARET, a modest young girl, into whose brain love has never entered, and who is kind, gentle, and unsuspecting. Since the days of Adam, not forgetting St. Anthony *en passant*, the devil has found no keener temptation with which to prove the frailty of humanity than woman's beauty. Faust would have turned with loathing from any exhibitions revolting to his cultivated *intellect*. Power might not have enchained him, for it cannot satisfy the mind. The banquet of a Sybarite, music to soothe the senses, perfumes floating in the air, might have been shunned or excluded, and he would perhaps have taken refuge from them in his circumscribed study.

But *love-awakened desire* was most potent. He saw, and was conquered. At their first meeting, Margaret rejects his advances; but, poor child, she was in the toils of the devil! Through the aid of Martha, a neighbor and a supposed widow, Faust meets Margaret. Mephistopheles, with great politeness, entertains Martha, in their walk in the garden, (and the by-play is very devilish,) while Faust and Margaret are weaving the golden net of their destruction. Previous to this meeting, jewels have been twice placed in the girl's cabinet, the first of which, with true simplicity, she shows her mother, and in alarm gives to the priest; but she cannot withstand the temptation of keeping the others, and she only wears them in her stealthy visits to Martha's house.

The simplicity and child-like innocence of Margaret are displayed throughout the garden walk. She picks a star-flower, and pulling the leaves one by one repeats for each alternate one the words, 'He loves me,' and 'He loves me not.' When the last is plucked, she exclaims

with rapture: '*He loves me!*' and giving herself to the fond superstition, she returns the affection with a warm, enthusiastic, and uncalculating love, the innocence of which is its lure to destruction.

Time and space fail us to tell of the misery of her repentance; the remorse of Faust; the infernal cunning of Mephistopheles; the return of her noble soldier-brother to his idolized sister; his honest rage; his meeting with Faust under her window; his death by the hand of his sister's seducer, and his anathemas upon her in his dying hour. These, with all their interesting details, must pass with the mere mention: but upon one scene, full of the romantic interest of life, and replete with thrilling power, we must dwell for a moment. Margaret, the guilty Margaret, is in the cathedral during service. The organ is sounding, but amid its devotion-inducing chords, an evil spirit is whispering dark words into her ear, of her mother's death and her brother's murder. She cannot pray amid 'these dark thoughts flitting over, and all accusing.' The choir breaks out into the awful

'DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
SOLVET SECLUM IN FAVILLA,'

and the demon, prompted by the words, warns her of the judgment and the doom: again are sounded the thrilling words:

'JUDEX ERGO CUM SEDEBIT,
QUIDQUID LATET APPAREBIT,
NIL INULTUM REMANEBIT;'

and again the devil 'quotes the Scripture to his purpose,' until the victim faints in an agony of horror.

The heart must be seared which can read this description of heart-sick humanity, and of Satanic temptation in the holy precincts of the house of God, without being touched with a living sympathy for her, the frail and suffering girl.

To the Walpurgis night, and the witches' dance on the Brocken, we had intended to give some space, but are warned to forbear. Those who are fond of the marvellous and the mysterious will find their account in reading it with care, in the original, if they can; and those who delight in tales of 'the grotesque and arabesque' will find much to gratify their fancies: how the will-o'-the-wisp is pressed into service as a guide; of the secrets under the earth; of the unearthly murmurs above, below, and around, each one vocal with the witches' sentiment and the author's genius; and how finally, among the crowd of the Brocken's tenants on the Walpurgis night, Faust catches a glimpse of Margaret as Medusa, pale, sad, and drooping, with the deep-red line around her throat, awakening in his bosom deeper love, painful anxiety, and bitter remorse.

I have passed over the Brocken dance which Faust witnessed, in order to present the substance of a note from *Roscoe's German Novelists*, which is not without historic value, upon the origin of this popular superstition.

During the reign of Charlemagne, the Germans were persecuted and oppressed, partly with the design of converting them to the true faith. All who refused the rite of baptism were put to the sword; and like the Scottish Covenanters of after-time, they sought the wild retreats and

mountain fastnesses to worship their gods. The Brocken particularly seems to have been appropriated to this purpose; and although guards were stationed at the mountain-passes, they arrayed themselves in skins and horns of beasts, with fire-forks in their hands, and after driving the terrified guards away, consummated their worship. This 'celebration on the first of May, on the wildest region of the Hartz, with the snow yet lying on the Brocken, naturally enough gave rise among the Christians to the belief of witches riding, that night, upon their broom-sticks, to add to the infernal mirth and mystery of these heathen rites.'

We approach the closing scene of the poem; the one which, for deep interest, thrilling pathos, and for truthfulness of natural description, may challenge comparison with any effort of the tragic muse since the days of her earliest youth.

Faust is *mad with remorse*, and to this madness, love, deep and enduring, adds poignancy, but lends method. He demands to see her, and after fruitless attempts on the part of the devil to deter him from going, they start at night across a gloomy moor, on those black horses which the genius of Retzsch has invested with demoniac appearance in every line. They pass a gibbet, around which a hellish crew are engaged in 'brewing and incantations.' Onward they rush 'forward' and 'faster'—'needs must when the Devil drives'—and at length arrive at the prison where the victim of love is to become the martyr of law.

By the magic of Satan, he enters unobserved by the jailors, and finds her in the dark straw chained to the floor, and *mad*, mad irretrievably!

Faust enters during her piteous song, and when she perceives him, her crazed brain imagines:

'Woe! woe! They come! they come! Death, bitter death!

Faustus (in a low voice). Hush! hush!' 'Tis I who come to rescue thee!

Margaret (rolling herself at his feet). Art thou a man? have pity on me.'

Faust takes hold of her chains to unlock them, when she bursts into prayer for time—'a little more time!'

'SAVAGE, who gave this cruel power to thee?
It is not more than midnight now: have mercy!
Is it too long a time to wait till morn?
And I am still so young, so very young!
And must I die so soon? And I was fair,
And I was fair, and *that* was my undoing.
Oh! if *my love* were here! but he is gone.
Torn is my garland; scattered all its flowers.
Oh, do not grasp me with such violence!
Oh, spare me! Sure I have not injured thee;
Let me not weep and pray to thee in vain!
Spare me! I never saw thy face before.'

Much time elapses before she recognizes her lover. At length are described the tumult of mind which agitates him, and the newly-awakened, rapturous consciousness with which she asks:

'WHERE is he? Where? I heard my own love's voice!

Amid the noises and the howls of hell,
And threats, and taunts, and laughs of devilish scorn,
I heard my own love's voice, his loving voice!'

These form a scene which must be read fresh from the author's hand

to be fully appreciated, but which have no small power in the translation.

But reason only totters on its throne, and all the efforts of Faust are ineffectual to convey her away from the prison :

Faustus. Day dawns; oh, hasten hence, my love! my love!

Margaret. Day! yes, 'tis day, the last, the judgment-day;
My bridal day it should have been. Tell none
That thou hast been with poor weak MARGARET.
Alas! my garland is already withered.
We'll meet again, but not at dances, love:
The crowd is gathering tumultuously;

Down in the chair of blood they fasten me;
And now, through every neck of all that multitude
Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.'

And now the fiend comes to triumph over Faust, and urges him to retire. Margaret is infuriated at the appearance of Mephistopheles :

Marg. What shape is that which rises from the earth?
'Tis he! 'tis he! Oh, send him from this place!
What wants he here! Oh, what can bring him here?
Why does he tread on consecrated ground?
He comes for me!

Faust. Oh, thou shalt live, my love!

Marg. Upon the judgment-throne of God I call;
On God I call in humble supplication.

Meph. (to Faust). Come, or I leave thee here to share her fate.

Marg. FATHER of Heaven, have mercy on thy child!
Ye angels, holy host, keep watch around me!
HENRY, I am afraid to look at thee.

Meph. Come; she is judged!

Voice (from above). And saved!

Meph. (to Faust). Hither to me.
(*Disappears with Faust.*)

Voice (from within, dying away). HENRY! HENRY!

And here ends all of Faust which is familiar to English readers, and in fact to many German ones. The second part, or continuation, is a poem which has never been looked upon either as a necessary part of the Faust, or as an indispensable sequel. Goethe's Faust, *our* Faust, the world's Faust, ends with the faint but expressive declaration of the entrance of injured innocence upon that rest where 'the wicked cease from troubling,' and the utter discomfiture of the principles, the philosophy, and the machinations of his Satanic Majesty.

Any one could have dressed up the old story of 'the Devil and Dr. Faustus' in a poetic garb: one man only has arisen who could invest the fable with truth and the old story with a new and unfading interest; an interest due, we think, not to its dramatic effect, nor its versification, nor yet to its wonderful collocation of Deity, angels, demons, men, witches, and brutes, but to its deep philosophy of the human mind; to the consideration of the power and scope of the human imagination; to the aspiration and despondency of the human heart; to the supremacy of God in nature; to the fine picture of Satanic agency, thwarted by the Omnipotence which permits it for a season; and perhaps more than

all, to the felicitous manner in which he has catered to the taste, the sensibility, and the household superstition of every man and woman, who has the honor to call him fellow-countryman.

And here we leave our humble offering, until the times and the seasons demand a fresher and fuller garland from a more skilful hand.

S T A N Z A S T O A F R I E N D .

THE following lines were written to one who had just been reading 'The Married Life of ALBERT DURER,' and in the impulse of feeling wrote to her sister that *her* husband was a painter too.

'My husband is a painter too,'
And has a right
To sketch along the stream of time
By day and night;
Pursuing thoughts where eddies sweep,
Or course them o'er the mighty deep.

Arm'd with a wand of mystic might,
A gray goose-quill,
The past with ease he can recall
At beck or will;
The sombre hue of age renew,
Bright as the sheen on morning dew.

He skims along the bounds of space
Where comets go,
Or turns the tardy world to greet
The sun's warm glow;
The beasts he makes their lives rehearse,
And tell their stories all in verse:

Lures little imps from fairy-land,
And makes them run,
Or walk, or dance, or cry, or scream,
And all for fun:
Pictures he makes right well and true,
'My husband is a painter too.'

Poets can paint as well as sing:
Their pictures speak,
Their figures move, and when they tread,
Their buskins creak;
The scenes they shift, time trips along,
And colors flow in words of song.

Do not suppose that you, dear Sue,
And more beside,
Are happy in the name you love,
An artist's bride:
I'm partial, I'll confess to *you*,
'My husband is a painter too.'

T H E L O S T H E A R T .

BY P. MARTINDALE.

HAST seen in thy wanderings a heart,
Alack! and well a-day!
O merry maiden!
Gone away without leave to depart,
Where, who can say?
Quite sorrow-laden!
Seduced from me by cruel art,
Urging alway
To some sad end?
Grieved was I from it to part,
Alas! and well a-day,
My gentle friend!

Something worn it was by use,
Alack! and well a-day!
'T was quite forlorn;
By many weary years' abuse,
I grieve to say,
'T was something torn;
But still with all its sad misuse,
Alas! and well a-day,
'T was well-nigh crushed!
For no unworthy wile or ruse
Could any say
It should have blushed.

I'll tell thee, maiden, how to know it,
Alack! and well a-day!
If thou shouldst meet it;
Mayhap some kindness thou wilt show it,
And not alway
With harsh words greet it:
At thy approach its pulse will throb,
Alas! and well a-day!
As if it thought
Its very life-blood thou wouldst rob,
Then throw it all away,
A thing of naught.

As if thou wert some fixed star,
Alack! and well a-day!
'T will gaze on thee,
Whose lustre beaming from afar
Guided its course alway
Over life's sea.
As needle to the magnet true,
Alas! and well a-day!
'T will follow thee;
Owning no mistress here but you,
Its homage it will pay
Perpetually!

And if the wanderer cross thy track,
 Alack! and well a-day!
 What wilt thou do?
 Thou surely couldst not send it back,
 Beating away
 To thee so true!
 Though poor indeed that tatter'd heart of mine,
 Alas! and well a-day!
 'T will leave thee never!
 Hast thou indeed disposéd yet of thine?
 If not, oh, then, I pray,
 Take mine for thine for ever!

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
 THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

PARIS EXPERIENCE OF WASH. FUDGE.

'Oh! had a man of daring spirit, of genius, penetration, and learning, travelled to that city, what might not mankind expect! How would he enlighten the region to which he travelled, and what a variety of knowledge and useful improvement would he not bring back in exchange!'

GOLDSMITH.

GEO. WASHINGTON FUDGE admires Paris. It would be strange if he did not admire Paris. But in his view it adds considerably to the reputation of Paris, that he, WASH. FUDGE, *does* admire it. It has the same effect, he does not doubt, upon his mother's appreciation of Paris. Of his father's notions he is not so confident.

He finds Paris to be 'a gay, sociable place, with considerable business stirring.' He has left his attic in the Hotel Meurice, and has taken apartments across the water, upon the Quai Voltaire. He is in the fourth story, and is occupant of a charming salon, and chamber attached. The waxed stair-ways and the brick floors astonish him. The gilt clock that ticks upon his mantel, the magnificent pier-table, the mirrors, and the lounges delight him. He feels, too, a warm regard for the old lady in horn spectacles, who sits every day in the porter's lodge, who gives him such a friendly *bon jour*, and who never quarrels either with his hours or his visitors.

As for his hours, he rounds them by what he reckons the polite standard. At eleven of the morning the old lady below serves him with a roll, a cup of coffee, a little plate of radishes and of butter. All these he despatches leisurely, and finishes his toilet by half-past twelve. He then indulges himself in a ramble over the bridge and through the garden of the Tuileries. He is much struck with the architectural effect

of the palace, and describes it in a friendly letter to his mother as 'a magnificent specimen of long and high-roofed architecture in stone.' He indulges in home-comparisons of the fountains, and avenues of trees, not wholly favorable to Grammercy Park. He strolls to that angle of the terrace where he yesterday encountered a very coquettish grisette; and not finding her, he consoles himself with a chair, and with a careless observation of the carriages, and mounted guards, and women and children, trooping across the Place de la Concorde.

Observing a gathering upon the corner of the avenue, WASH. FUDGE passes down through the gates, and finds a man with a cage full of sparrows; he is gesticulating earnestly, and indulging in a strain of remark which WASH. FUDGE is not able to follow, farther than to catch an occasional use of the words '*dix centimes.*' WASH. FUDGE being of a generous disposition advances two sous to the orator, who thereupon takes a sparrow from the cage, and tosses it in the air. WASH. FUDGE watches with interest, expecting to see a series of graceful evolutions, and a return to the man's thumb: he is surprised to find, however, that the bird, after a few pleasant parabolic curves around the obelisk, soars away out of sight. He ventures in timid French an inquiry as to the probability of the captive's return.

'*Pas si bête, Monsieur,*' exclaims the orator, as he sets loose another sparrow; '*une fois libre, un oiseau y reste : mais, pour nous autres — dam !*'

A man in a cocked hat here puts his hand upon the shoulder of the orator, and orders him away. Poor WASH., wondering what the joke can be, saunters up through the avenue of the Champs Elysées. He presently encounters a vivacious talker, who invites him, in the blandest manner, to try a shot or two at a revolving company of clay images. WASHINGTON being, as I said, of a liberal nature, advances half a franc, which is good for four shots, and counts on securing one of the prizes in the shape of a paste gew-gaw for his old friend of the *conciergerie*. He fires his successive discharges without damaging in the least the little plaster Cupids, who continue their quiet revolutions as before.

His next venture of the morning is in pistol-practice upon the heart of a very brigand-looking figure, which traverses a wild scene of canvas and pine-boards, at five sous the transit. WASHINGTON having failed as before, continues his entertainment by gazing over the shoulders of two short soldiers, at the extraordinary tricks of an accomplished juggler, who picks up pieces of two sous with a staff, and who suggests a farther trial upon silver coin; which being offered by Mr. FUDGE, is at once transferred in a graceful manner to the juggler's pocket, amid the plaudits of the two short soldiers.

Mr. FUDGE is farther attracted by the saltambic feats of a young lady in an exceedingly short blue velvet dress, who is surrounded by a ring of admiring soldiers, and accompanied in her *poses* by fiddle and clarinet. WASHINGTON patronizes the performance by a liberal cast of small coins, and is rewarded by a gracious smile from the young lady in the short velvet dress.

At this juncture he recalls an engagement with his Professor of the English and French languages. The Professor has rooms at the top of a house in the *Rue St. Honoré*. He keeps a parrot and a cat—maltese

color; and has farther graced his apartment with two or three lively statuettes of famous dancing characters. He is sixty years, or thereabout, and takes snuff liberally; although he still wears varnished boots, and talks freely of his brilliant intrigues. He furthermore instructs Mr. FUDGE in execrable English about his connection with the various revolutions of France, and his hair-breadth escapes. He indulges in a strain of political and philosophic reflections which satisfy WASHINGTON FUDGE that the Professor has been a man sadly overlooked in the distribution of the administrative functions. He hints as much to the old lady in the porter's lodge, who shrugs her shoulders, and says, '*Possible?*'

The Professor listens kindly to such confidential disclosures as Mr. FUDGE is pleased to make in regard to his friends and family; all which familiar chit-chat is followed up by a pleasant exposition of the future tense of the verb *aimer*, and an invitation to pursue the study, at the same hour, two days thereafter.

Mr. FUDGE prosecutes his acquaintance with the French language and character by a very vigorous conversation, actively sustained during the rest of the day with an American friend, with whom he dines at the 'British Tavern.' He addresses the English waiters in bad French, and justifies his pronunciation by an appeal to the bill of fare. He feels inspirited by his progress in the language, more especially after finishing, with his friend, a bottle of *Mouton*.

At six, he smokes a cigar over a small cup of coffee, outside the Rotunde of the Palais Royale; ogling meantime, through the window, the very bewitching young lady who presides over the tables, the spoons, and the sugar. He afterward luxuriates, in company with his friend, in a cab-drive along the Boulevard and the Quai, terminating at the brilliantly-illuminated entrance of a hall in the Rue St. Honoré. Upon the payment of two francs, he is here ushered into a scene of bewildering magnificence. A band of eighty performers is discoursing music from a gay pavilion, decorated with tri-color, in the centre of the *salle*. Gas-lights are casting through orange and purple reflectors, hues innumerable. The floor is trembling under the tread of a hundred coupled waltzers, and the galleries above and below are swimming with eyes, fans, and feathers.

It is needless to say that young Mr. FUDGE pursues his habit of observation in such quarters, with all his accustomed alacrity; he even addresses one or two brother Americans, whom he encounters in the course of the evening, in French; but, upon being pressed in that language, recovers his recollection, and resumes his native tongue.

Mr. FUDGE observes, from the habit of his companions, that the young ladies present are not averse to wine—if mingled with water; he farther observes that they do not resent, with any air of disdain, such attentions as strangers may be disposed to offer, in a spirit of kindness; they also courteously relieve the foreigner of those embarrassments which naturally belong to one unacquainted with the customs and language of the country.

In short, Mr. FUDGE is delighted with the adventures of the evening; and having made engagements with his companions for an equally instructive series of observations the next day, he avows himself, to himself, on the way home, 'par-par-tik-e-lar—ly de-delighted (hiccup) with

PARIS! (strong emphasis on Paris) —partik-larly —tik-larly —tik-ly —tkly!’ (Sounds dying away in the corner of the coach.)

It is my opinion that this day's experience of my young friend WASH. FUDGE is quite similar to that of most of the very young men who are sent to Paris with a view of completing their education, and establishing a position in polite society. It is my opinion that many such stolid papas as Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, wrapped up in an impenetrable sense of their own foresight and prudence, are meantime cherishing the confirmed belief that their hopeful sons are acquiring a large acquaintance with the language and public policy of the country, and are reaping such advantages from foreign travel as will advance highly their interests in the commercial or political world.

And it is my farther opinion, that many such aspiring mothers as Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE, indulge in the pleasing reflection that their darling WASH. FUDGES are equipping themselves with every polite accomplishment, becoming absolute masters of all Parisian finesse, whether of language or manner, and disturbing cruelly, by their various charms and playful *equivokes*, the tender affections of all the marriageable daughters of all the titled ladies of Paris.

So every ambition, which is not tempered by a modest reserve and by a pursuit of duty, strides over itself, and wastes to nothing.

The mother will live long enough yet, to find her poor pride cut to the quick by the children on whose training she poises her worldly — and only — hope. And the stately SOLOMON FUDGE, with all the dignity of his past honors crusted on him, and the stiffness of his stock-list, and his haughtiness of look, may yet find that the worldly and golden armor he wears, with such clanking and glitter, has in it weakly jointures, whereat the arrows of sorrow and of mortification may drive, (possibly from a filial hand,) and pierce through to his old, seared heart, making his high manhood wilt, like grass that is cut in June!

To return, however, to our friend WASHINGTON, we find his attachments to the city on the increase. He communicates with his father: his father exhibits the letters as specimens of ‘terse and vigorous correspondence, showing close attention to new objects.’ He expresses himself as ‘pleased with the metropolis; is making advances in the language; also formed some acquaintances, desirable ones; has left a card upon the minister; the minister left a card upon him; is an agreeable man — so said to be. Meats in Paris are done remarkably brown. The standard of morals is not high: has seen instances of Sabbath-breaking, to which hitherto he has been unaccustomed. Admires St. Cloud, and suggests that Congress should buy Mt. Vernon as a Sabbath residence for Mr. FILLMORE. Is not quite sure whether he prefers a monarchical form of republic, or a democratic form. Likes the fixed fares for cabmen, and thinks the dead-house a desirable, but disagreeable institution. Is glad to see that Dauphin-stock is on the rise, and hopes they have declared a fat dividend. Hopes WILHE. is well, and sends a Schottisch by express.’

In an even more genial and flowing humor, Mr. FUDGE communicates with an old boon-companion of the city: ‘He is *not* disappointed in the masked balls — not in the least. They are quite up to his mark; altogether splendid affairs. You have to fancy, BEN., all the orchestras of your

city tuning together to a 'tip-top polka;' and the polka sliding off upon a floor swaying with a thousand figures, more or less, in brown, gray, blue and gold spangles; young and old ones; big noses and little ones; every thing hobgoblin and ghostly; and all of them polking as if the devil was in them. Such tidy grisettes, too! and such pretty figures as they show *en garçon*! Have not indulged much myself upon the floor: they have an awkward way of tossing their feet into one's face, which is embarrassing; beside which, had my hat once or twice crushed over my eyes — supposed to be done by a tall *Pierrot* in steeple-crowned hat and long sleeves, who looked very sanctimoniously.

'Kept mostly to the *foyer*, among the better class of ladies; is fully satisfied that some among them were of quite a superior order; indeed, as much was hinted to him by the ladies themselves; is obliged to keep very dark; French husbands are an excessively jealous people. Held some intensely interesting conversations; is naturally improving in French — quite at home indeed. Having a rendezvous at the Grand Opera at nine o'clock, must close hastily. Hopes the boys are well.'

Under such pleasant auspices, Mr. FUDGE finds the winter slipping away at a very comfortable pace. He is expressing as much to himself, in a consolatory way, over his egg and roll, on a fine February morning, when the old lady from below taps at his door, and hands him a very delicate-looking note, slightly odorous of a very subdued and lady-like perfume. The hand, too, is fair and graceful — wholly unknown to Mr. FUDGE; and surprises and delights him with the following challenge:

'M. FUDGE est prié de se rendre ce soir, au bal masqué, à minuit et demi, à la rencontre d'un domino noir.'

To say merely that Mr. FUDGE determined to be present at the masked ball at the time designated, would convey but a small idea of the ardor and enthusiasm of his character. He elaborated his toilet to a degree that to most men would have been painful. His coiffeur surpassed himself. Mr. FUDGE fairly languished for the hour to arrive.

It is needless to add that he was punctual. He encountered the Domino. He passed up and down the corridors, and through the foyer, with that graceful figure leaning upon his arm: nor was it the grace alone that fired him, but the piquancy of her talk — catching his broken sentences, and rounding them into fulness; anticipating his thought; unriddling his half-expressed surprises; provoking him with her knowledge of his history and family; lifting her finger in warning against all his eagerness to solve the mystery; discoursing philosophically upon the scene before them; dropping half sentences of English, and complimenting his French, in a way that set poor WASH. FUDGE altogether beside himself.

To make the matter still worse, his new acquaintance, contrary, as he believes, to all precedent, insists that Mr. FUDGE shall make no attempt to track her from the ball: her reasons for all the mystery are so vague and shadowy as to pique his curiosity the more.

Finally, at three of the morning, after a half-exacted promise to appear again, she glides away from him into the throng of Dominoes, and is lost.

To Mr. FUDGE this is a new and delightful experience; indeed, on

comparing it with the past experience of Parisian acquaintances, he regards it as altogether unique, and appreciates his success and good fortune accordingly. He reëxamines very scrutinizingly their very brief correspondence. It is clearly a lady-like hand—a refined hand, so to speak. He ventures to submit it to the eye of the distinguished gentleman, his professor of languages. The Professor is curious, very; he thinks Mr. FUDGE fortune's favorite, (which Mr. FUDGE privately confirms,) and is satisfied both of the station and dignity of his correspondent. He farther remarks that Mr. FUDGE is a dangerous fellow; and he doubts if he is doing his duty in perfecting him to any greater degree in the finesse of the language. Which compliment suggests such a pleasing train of remark to Mr. FUDGE, (in English,) that the hour is consumed (much to the relief of the Professor) without any lesson whatever.

The knowledge which the unknown lady appears to possess of Mr. FUDGE's history and family somewhat surprises him; not that such things might not very properly and naturally be known to the European world; but since he has found that in the majority of instances such facts were *not* known. His banker, being a bachelor, is relieved of the suspicion which might otherwise attach to his wife or daughters. The family of the American minister would scarcely have presumed upon so slight an acquaintance as existed between the parties.

In this connection, however, the thought of young Mr. FUDGE reverts suddenly to the once admired but now neglected Miss JENKINS. Miss JENKINS is still in Paris; Miss JENKINS' figure corresponded well with that of the domino; Miss JENKINS' interesting manner might easily be thought, under the excitement of the masquerade, to ripen into that coquettish tenderness which he had found so beguiling. Miss JENKINS, moreover, was familiar, to some extent, with his family history, and with his aims in life. He had been cruelly inattentive to Miss JENKINS: Miss JENKINS was now taking the revenge of an affectionate and injured woman.

With this thought fastening itself by degrees firmly upon his mind, Mr. WASHINGTON FUDGE, without the least touch of pity for feeble hearts in his air or manner, throws back his coat-collar upon his shoulders, inserts his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waist-coat, and placing himself in a fancy attitude before the mirror, indulges himself in a long, low, cheerful whistle!

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

SQUIRE BODGERS AT HOME.

'He covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time to end it.'

SHAKESPEARE.

THE village of Newtown is as pretty a place as one can find in a ten days' drive around the city of New-York. It smacks of the old and quiet times when gossips herded at the village inn, and when, once or twice in the year, the whole country around thronged upon the green to some travelling show. It has its deacons and squires: it has its branch-

ing elms, throwing their trembling shadows across the village street: it has a humble parsonage-house, all embowered with many cherry-trees, and a gigantic butternut: it has its country-store, with its black-topped posts, where the farmers' wives 'hitch their colts;': and with its strange variety of crockery, calicoes, teas, and molasses. There is the head clerk, with a pen behind his ear, deeply immersed in calculations and with fingers sticky with keg-raisins. There is the store-keeper himself, a stout, bland man, with wrist-bands turned up, who tries his groceries upon the tip of his fore-finger, and wipes his finger upon that portion of his dress which is shaded by the tail of his coat; until his pantaloons from the hip to the knee have become cheerfully glazed with a shining and unctuous mixture of lamp-oil, rosin, lamp-black, spirits of turpentine, and New-Orleans sugar.

The town has its tailor — over the store, with a sign-board on which is a gilt pair of shears, and a last year's plate of the fashions in the window. He possesses a ready disposition to have his customers' work done Saturday night, except 'his girls' are taken sick — which usually happens. There is also the shoe-maker, in a quiet, small, rather close-smelling shop, by himself, who 'taps' for half the city price, and who always keeps his word, except he is out of 'luer' — which sometimes happens.

Beside, there is a small hatter, whose yard-fence not unfrequently has the untoward appearance of a long file of men 'half-cocked.' There is a grave-stone maker, who plies his saw with a very wan and ghostly face, except (it pains me to make the exception) when 'steaming it.' Two attorneys, who once did business under the general firm of BIVINS AND RIP, have, by mutual consent, dissolved partnership; and henceforth attend to the law-business in all its details, such as drawing of writs and leases, collection of moneys, etc., at their respective offices: TIMOTHY RIP, first door to the right above Miss DOOLITTLE's millinery-store; and EBENEZER BIVINS, at the old stand on the meeting-house corner.

There are also sundry old-fashioned houses scattered through the little town: houses with gamble-roofs, and mossy, mouldy-looking dormar windows; houses with gray-stone chimneys, on which some ancient date is inscribed in the quaint-shaped letters which you see in old primers; houses with clambering vines that seem as old as the houses, and ready with their weight of leaves to crush the walls they cling to, or if need be, to bury them under a cloak of green: there are houses in out-of-the-way places with strange-shaped hipped roofs, about which lurk old tales of Dutch or Puritan wrong; floors spotted with blood, (not to be washed out with the hardest scrubbing;) haunted houses, pointed at of school-boys, and romantic misses in gingham aprons.

The village is old, as I said, and lying out of the reach of rail-way enterprise, has fallen sadly in the wake of modern progress. Two saw-mills upon the brook above the village have stopped. The long-store is positively closed. Squire Bivins' practice has fallen off, they say, at least one third. But two house raisings have been known within the town-limits in the last three years; no new barn has been erected, with the exception of an addition to SMITH's livery-stable. Even the tan-works, belonging to the gentleman on whose account solely I have entered upon this long digression — I speak of TRUMAN BODGERS,

Esquire — are in a dilapidated condition, and exhibit undoubted evidences of dissolution.

Squire BODGERS is owner and occupant of one of the houses to which I have alluded. His house is an old house, and a gamble-roofed house. Hollyhocks and red roses are growing (during summer) beside the path that leads to his door. Ancestral trees hang over the mossy roof. Although living in such a quiet, decayed town, Squire BODGERS has had the shrewdness to perceive, and to avail himself of the commercial drift of the day. He has had the courage — for the want of which many such old-fashioned men have become poverty-stricken — to withdraw his capital from the old, narrowing channels, and to bestow it upon the growing enterprise of the cities. The result is, that Mr. BODGERS is a rich man; richer than most people suppose him; and far richer than Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE, amid all her condescension of manner, has for one moment imagined.

Upon the day on which this chapter of the FUDGE record is supposed to open, Mr. TRUMAN BODGERS is sitting before the fire, in a comfortable high-backed chair, in what he calls the library, under the roof of the antique mansion I have briefly described. Two portraits are hanging on the wall, over which the eyes of Mr. BODGERS occasionally glance, with a pleasantly mournful expression. One of them is that of a hale old gentleman, long since gone, who was the builder of the mansion, and the father of the present occupant. The other picture shows a kindly old lady's smile, which was half ruined by blindness twenty-odd years ago; and which only went out finally twelve months since, when the old lady (Mr. BODGERS' mother) died.

Being blind, she loved greatly to listen to pleasant voices, reading out of pleasant books; and KITTY FLEMING, having such a voice as made even dull books pleasant, won her way deeply into the old lady's regard, and at the same time into the affections of her son. She was as dear, I am sure, to the old lady as would have been any grand-child, and had grown as dear to the son as any daughter; perhaps she was even dearer.

I have said that these two pictures hung upon the walls of Mr. BODGERS' room. There was a third picture, much smaller than the other two, in a little drawer of the antique secretary which stood just at his elbow. It was in a morocco case, and few ever opened it, save Mr. BODGERS himself. It was the miniature of a sweet-faced girl — not KITTY, or KITTY's mother.

Mr. BODGERS even now is dwelling on it mournfully. An old affection lingers about that picture of a beauty long since gone to the world of spirits. Even Squire BODGERS, under that rough exterior, has his tender places, and his affections flowing like a river — widely and vainly. The world is altogether too apt to consign the withered hulk of the bachelor who has seen his five-and-fifty years to the tomb of all passionate feeling. It is my honest opinion that bachelors, thoroughly ripened in years, are the most kind, tender, affectionate, hopeful, self-denying, and calumniated creatures that are to be found in the world.

Good Heavens! did people but know the seared hopes and brimming expectancies which struggle, 'fierce as youth,' in the breasts of such men, they would judge more wisely. PROVIDENCE has dealt kindly

with us all. And as the fountains of hope dry up along the straitened waste of the years that are to come, deep wells of holy and sainted memories gush to the light behind us, and freshen us—to tears!

There is a packet of faded letters in a pigeon-hole of the antique secretary, which, if run over in the careful way in which our friend Mr. BODGERS runs them over on some late nights of winter, would unfold the history of the miniature. It is after all only the old story of love, blighted by the Destroyer long ago, and sometimes carrying back the manly heart, by desperate leaps, over the wide gap which thirty years open in life.

It is not often, however, that the practical Mr. BODGERS wanders back so far; it is not often that he looks over, so wistfully as now, the faded packet of letters; it is not often that he lingers, when the sun is shining so cheerfully as it is, by his desk and his fire-side.

The truth is, Mr. BODGERS has met this day with one of those little accidents which might easily have been a large one, and which wakens the thought of Fatality; and makes a serious man balance the remaining weight of his days. Therefore it is that the shattered arm, in a sling, has kept Mr. BODGERS by his desk, and by the old letters and pictures, with half-mournful thought. And in virtue of the same mishap, his reflections have turned upon old testamentary documents, and upon his list of rentals, and upon the chance—perhaps a sudden chance—that all he now calls his own will lie bound up soon in some short testamentary parchment. And therefore it is that such old parchments have come under his eye this day; and with the parchments, the cherished letters; and with the letters, the pictures; and with the pictures, the vague and shadowy memories; and with the memories—that moistened eye!

Then the eye falls upon the parchments again, as if for relief; and Mr. BODGERS thinks—of his own Will.

‘It must be drawn,’ says Mr. BODGERS, talking to himself.

‘As well now as ever,’ says Mr. BODGERS, thrusting his papers into a pigeon-hole.

‘It shall be done this very day,’ says Mr. BODGERS, giving emphasis to the remark by three consecutive taps upon the lid of his snuff-box.

A half-hour after, and the careless spectator might have observed a solitary individual, with a brown surtout thrown over his shoulder, and his right arm slung in a yellow bandanna, marching with a resolute step into the office of Squire ‘NEZER BIVINS, at his old stand, upon the meeting-house corner.

S P A N I S H P R O V E R B S .

If you a gentleman would know,
’Tis he whose deeds proclaim him so.

What fathers miserably acquire,
Their sons will throw into the fire.

With spectacles and locks of gray
Love seldom can be made to stay.

A word ’s a thing that flies away,
But writing may be made to stay.

T H O M A S O F E R C E L D O N : A B A L L A D .

BY CLAUDE HALCRO.

THE Earl of MAR much sorroweth on
The yellow drought of late;
So bids THOMAS of Erceland
Be called unto him straight:

‘Good THOMAS! by thy deep-blue eye
And hoary head of gray,
I ween thou well canst prophesy
The weather of next day.

‘My pastures, they are scorched and brown;
My fountains all are dry;
My flocks and herds roam up and down,
And brazen glares the sky.’

Out spake the blue-eyed seer: ‘My Lord!
Nor rain nor dews shall fall;
But on the morrow, list my word,
While noon is over all,

‘A wind, a swift, fierce wind, shall blow
On crags and daisied plain;
So swift and fierce, that none shall know
Its like on Scotia’s main.’

Around their liege the vassals stand
Within the court-yard wide;
The eldern seer at his right hand,
In stern prophetic pride.

‘Ha! ha!’ laughed loud the good old Earl;
The vassals laughed, ‘Ho! ho!’
And jest and jeer all ribald hurl:
‘Why doth thy wind not blow?’

‘False prophet, with the blue eye deep,
That seest thus afar!
’Tis noon, and yet thy fierce winds sleep:’
Quoth thus the Earl of MAR.

‘My liege! a thoughtless spirit shun;
Beshrew thine ill-timed jeers;
Noon hath not past, for see, the sun
Yet overhead appears.’

Then, all the future in his eyes,
He silence bade the band,
And slowly to the blazing skies
Stretched forth his long white hand.

The chains of lowering draw-bridge creak;
 Swift hoofs are on the plank;
 The arches of the gateway speak,
 And iron foot-steps clank.

And thundering on the court-yard's stone,
 A steed and rider spring.
 'Stand! horseman, ho! thyself make known;
 What news to me dost bring?'

'The King of Scotland sleeps in death!'
 The Earl and vassals groan;
 The blue-eyed seer in whisper saith:
 'The swift, fierce wind hath blown.'

SHADOWS OF STEAM-BOAT LIFE.

THE winter of 1832 will long be remembered for its severity by many goodly citizens of Cincinnati, but especially three classes: the poor and lowly, 'earth's unfortunates,' for the increase of their misery and the greater intensity of their sufferings; the steam-boat men, for the unprecedented destruction of their 'floating houses;' and the insurance offices, two or three of which disinterested institutions, in consequence of the immense loss incurred by the sudden break-up of the ice, were compelled to go through, or into, that mysterious process called 'liquidation.'

Immediately opposite to Cincinnati, on the Kentucky side, there empties into the Ohio a pretty little stream, called 'Licking,' whose praise the author of the 'Song of Steam' has not deemed it unworthy of his muse to sing. Running back through an extended valley, with hills on each side sloping to its shores, traversed on their sides by innumerable springs, it is subject after heavy rains to very sudden rises of water to an extraordinary height. Insignificant as it seems, as seen at its mouth, it was destined to play an important and destructive part in the aforesaid memorable winter of 1832.

After a long, dreary, and unusually severe winter, the river being frozen over from shore to shore, one morning the vast, compact mass gave premonitions of a general movement. With grievous groaning, grinding, cracking, swirling, and churning, it finally started, and floated slowly by the wharf, crowded with people to see and rejoice at its going. The river being low, the progress of the ice was arrested by a 'bar' below the city, and the succeeding floats, piling over the already fixed 'bergs,' built up an icy barricade that extended all across the river, and caused the waters to swell alarmingly. At this stage of affairs, the hitherto gentle Licking, its deep current swelled with rains, suddenly poured out its accumulated waters and ice of incredible thickness, which, finding no outlet below, and eddied up stream by the gorged waters, dashed across the river, and plunged into the boats that lay clustered

against the wharf, like a fierce pointer among a covey of water-fowl, tearing, crashing, grinding, and throwing them hither and thither, like

'LEAVES that in the wilderness
The wild wind whirls away.'

A *very* memorable winter was that of 1832; and from that time forth the Licking, asserting her power for destruction or good, assumed her position among streams of larger volume, and was henceforth known as 'Licking River;' and with the name will ever be associated memories of that memorable 'break-up.' A popular local poet of 'that ilk' and time endeavored to commemorate these thrilling events in measures which, while preserving the solemnity and majesty of the 'epic,' should yet descend far down to time as a correct historical account in detail. I can now remember only one of the verses:

'THE ice came down with a rushing din,
And stove the 'Jersey's' cabin in;
It raked the 'Fulton' aft and fore,
And slung her cook-house out on shore.'

As if in literal confirmation of a theory advanced by some philosophers, that the weather moves in increasing and decreasing phases of temperature in cycles of twenty years, it was destined that, after four or five preceding winters of gradually-increasing severity, the year 1852 should be like unto its predecessor of twenty years ago. The river closed again in the middle of December, and remained so three weeks. There was much the same dreary stagnation of business and suffering as in 1832. The appearance of the deserted wharf was the same. The abrupt transition from activity, bustle, excitement, unloading and loading, boxes and barrels flying about as if alive, to silence and moody impatience, was striking enough. The steam-boat captains (than whom Lady Wortley says she met in her travels no more gentlemanly class of men) stood gloomily on the hurricane-decks of their boats, gazing anxiously out on the vast fields of ice that had so unexpectedly arrested them on the very eve of their departure, and wondered when the sun would shine. The good citizens of Newport and Covington rejoiced in a bridge 'firm and free;' and that worthy and benevolent order called 'under-writers,' who for a consideration had guarantied the safety of all the cargoes in the imprisoned boats against every thing but 'piracies and acts of God,' walked the wharves intent, 'with pensive steps and slow' and anxious mien, 'uttering never a word,' but pondering and fearing the repetition of the times of 1832, when

— 'Ice mast-high
Came floating by,
As green as emerald!'

and devastated their strong boxes, and made naught their dividends.

Their fears were groundless. A few days of rain, succeeded by mild weather, finally started the ice, which floated slowly by without doing much damage, (sinking a barge or two, and tearing sixty feet out of the side of a new boat which lay too far out in the current,) and, without gorging, went on. The Licking added *her* tribute very modestly to the total, which, not now estopped, as was the case before, by the 'gorge' on the bar, went booming by; and in a day or so the ice was gone, and

to the dreary silence and quiet of the wharf succeeded the bustle and confusion, 'hum and shock of men,' incident to a steamer's departure from port. Steamers floated from the 'jack-poles,' announcing departing boats; drays rattled and hacks rolled; barrels bumped and boxes jumped around; last bells were rung, and unsteady elderly gentlemen quickened their pace, as they heard the order, 'Let her go;' and the frank and good-natured captains smiled, more urbane and bland than ever, as they gallantly escorted the blooming daughters of the aforesaid elderly gentlemen on board their 'floating palaces.'

Among that fleet of steamers, thus arrested and released from the 'Ice-King,' was the good steamer 'Childe Harold,' Captain John Scott, one of nature's noblemen. During her detention, the spirit on board of her had fretted and chafed fully as much as did the hero after whom she was named under restraint; and it seemed to me, when she 'backed,' and, 'rounding out,' went majestically past the wharf, as if her *own* iron heart throbbed more wildly, and the 'scape of her steam shrieked more vehemently; as if she was impatient to burst loose from her icy fetters, and already snuffed the scent of the orange-groves and balmy airs of the 'sunny South,' whither she was destined.

It is not my intention to detail all the incidents that befell the steamer on the downward progress of her voyage; overtaking and leaving behind, to the intense satisfaction of all on board, the icy memorials of her imprisonment; gliding past cities and villages, embryo future metropolises of the country surrounding them. Nor shall I attempt to describe the varied lands and diversified scenery of bluff, prairie, 'waving wood,' or 'upland lawn,' past which she thundered, till one bright morning came to our ears the mingled noises of 'rolling wheel and rapid car,' betokening the nigh vicinity of the vast city, to whose wharf she was soon after safely moored. Nor will I stay to describe the startling contrast of European and American life presented so strikingly to the eye of the stranger, who might fancy, when walking along some 'Rue de street,' (as Titmarsh says,) in the 'French quarter' of the city, that he was realizing some description in Sue's works; or speak of the 'St. Charles,' (now being rebuilt,) the new custom-house, the old 'Calabosa,' the cemeteries, those 'silent cities of the dead,' or any of the many other 'memorials and things of fame that do renown this city.'

A few days were sufficient to enable the boat to deliver her cargo; and, with a large freight for her return-voyage, and new occupants for her state-rooms, filling the places of those who had departed to fulfil their various destinies on the broad tide of life, she again steamed gracefully out of port, booming by the vast forest of masts from the assembled shipping of all nations, lining the wharf for two miles in extent, 'homeward bound,' in the buoyant hope and confident belief that, from the time elapsed and moderate weather since experienced, all impediment of ice would be melted away, and nothing would intervene to prevent our speedy return to the place of departure.

For several days every thing seemed to confirm these hopes, and increase the cheerfulness of our numerous passengers. Gliding swiftly by the beautiful plantations that clothe the banks of the river for two hundred and more miles above the city, with their vine-trellised porches

and many-balconied villas, embowered among magnolia-groves and relieved by the dark foliage of the gigantic 'live-oak;' the scent of orange-groves and tulip-trees wafted to us with every breeze; the sunshine and air calm and serene; it was simply a luxury to exist: and the term 'Côte Joyeuse,' 'Joyful Coast,' given by the Creoles in their pride to this portion of the 'sunny south,' none were disposed to deny.

But 'a change came o'er the spirit of our dream.' We passed the coast; and with every fifty miles traversed, the country became less beautiful and more thinly settled. The weather, too, underwent a change:

'It grew a-cold, and hail came down,
And a sharp and numbing breeze,
As if from desert continents
Of ice, in arctic seas!'

Below Natchez, (a thing unprecedented,) we met floating ice; and from that time forth our voyage was but a dreary and tedious recurrence of all the 'désagréments' and dangers of Mississippi-river travelling: mist, fog, dark nights; 'no moon nor star;' storms, the suddenness and terrific force of which no one who has not witnessed would hardly realize or credit. Wearily and slowly we made our way, every returning day presenting us with the same dead, leaden sky, the same monotonous shores and turbid river, bearing on its bosom white heaving masses of ice, and the drift and débris of the 'rise.' There are leagues and leagues of the bank of this mighty river that show no sign of habitation, where all is

— 'GLOOMY from the dearth of man,
And old trees nod a welcome stately slow.'

No gloomier picture of loneliness do I desire ever to see than can be seen here. Dickens 'nothing extenuated' in his picture of 'Eden,' and the dreary river upon which it was situated. Similar dreary-looking future capitals we stopped at occasionally to put out a forlorn-looking deck-passenger, or sallow, aguish trader; but sometimes for a day together we would see nothing but the rolling, boiling river, covered with ice; a swift current sweeping in alternate curves of three or four miles in extent; the channel cutting into the loamy, crumbling bank, perhaps fifteen or twenty feet high, wooded to its very edge by that least picturesque tree, the 'cotton-wood,' draped with that peculiar gray moss hanging in festoons, giving the whole scenery so funereal an aspect.

As we advanced, the ice became harder and more abundant, and the weather colder. We passed, day after day, boats that had preceded us, and had succumbed to the difficulties in their way and given up for a time; and from the occasionally descending boats we would meet at long intervals, we heard gloomy accounts of our chances of proceeding, and terrible details of disasters that had occurred. The 'George Washington' was reported sunk, with many lives lost; and by a singular coincidence, her consort, the 'Martha,' we heard soon after, had exploded at nearly the same place and on the same day.

With such 'dangers of navigation' to brave and overcome, the 'Childe Harold,' with her living freight, proceeded steadily on, her fleshless arms whirling untiringly, and churning the ice from her course. On a dreary morning, six days after leaving New-Orleans, we came to

the foot of a long 'reach' in the river, six or seven miles in extent; and far up in the deep shadow of the 'bend,' standing out in relief from the dark woods, and just emerging over the ice-ridges between us, we saw something that seemed like a steam-boat aground. After an hour's plunging through the ice, which had accumulated in such masses as almost to 'gorge,' we came to where it lay; and, descrying a signal or hail, crossed over, and found it was the 'De Witt Clinton'—a boat we had met a day previous to our arrival at New-Orleans, literally swarming with deck and cabin passengers—sunk, and a total wreck. She had encountered ice a day or two after we had met her, and, being rather slow in speed and very heavy-loaded, had only advanced so far in safety, when, on the afternoon of the previous day, at four o'clock, as she was slowly coming up the 'bend' she was in, a concealed snag or stump, and part of the trunk of a tree—one of those gigantic cotton-woods growing to the very edge of the crumbling and precipitous banks, which even then threatened at every wave to fall in and complete the wreck—had penetrated the hull forward, and she had sunk in two minutes' time, in the position in which she lay; her whole forward part, as far up as the pilot-house, lying at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the remaining part submerged in the water over her cabin-floor, the ice dashing through the cabin-doors and windows.

The cabin-passengers (of whom none were lost) had gone on in a boat that had preceded us; and we were bailed to take some remaining deck-passengers, and also for some provisions, of which they were destitute. As she lay only twenty feet from shore, and had sunk in 'broad daylight,' it was the general idea of all of us that no lives had been lost; and it was only when, in consolatory reply to the lamentations of the clerk, who told us that under these waves lay seven years' labors and toils, I mentioned this alleviating circumstance, that we were undeceived. 'Alas!' said he, (and the tears stood in his eyes as he spoke,) 'we have not that consolation. I cannot tell now how many are lost, but our deck was crowded with Irish and German emigrants, families of slaves, and moving families from Arkansas; and although it *was* in day-light, and so near shore, it was so sudden, so totally unexpected, that few made their escape. There were at least thirty-five drowned. When the first shock and fright were over, the boat settled down within a foot of the cabin-floor, and all who had hurried upon the 'hurricane-deck' were horrified at the cries of wailing despair that, mingling with the roaring of the waters, came up from the deck immediately below the ladies' cabin. We hurried down, and with such means as we could get—broken tables and torn-up stanchions—tore up the floor, and rescued from that struggling pile many alive; some apparently dead, but afterward resuscitated by the ministrings of their relatives, continued long after there was seemingly any hope. Twenty-one dead bodies were taken from thence, which lie now on the bank awaiting interment; and the search is still going on, for many more are missing. The persons you see in the shadow of the wood are remaining to bury those who have been severed from them, or are yet 'hoping against hope' that their relatives 'who are not' will yet be.'

Horror-struck at these tidings, in common with all the passengers, I went upon the bank. The day was damp and dreary. The dense

woods, draped with the funereal moss, seemed dark and sombre. Around a camp-fire were grouped some of the passengers and hands employed about the boat; among them the engineer, whom I partially knew. He was on watch at the time, and to his presence of mind was it attributable that to the horrors of whelming waters were not added the still more awful and destructive effects of an explosion. He remained at his post (the water up to his waist) till he had discharged all the steam, and then swam out of the engine-room and got to shore. Heroism such as this should not go 'unhonored and unsung.' His name is DAVID SINNOT; a name that will be recognized by many in Pittsburgh, where he resides. He told me the scene in the cabin when the floor was broken up, the shrieks and straggings of the drowned, were agonizing beyond description, and would haunt him till his dying day.

Together we walked into the deeper recesses of the wood, the moist rank vines wetting our faces, and our feet sinking into the dark mould at every step as we advanced. At about two hundred yards from the bank we came to where the dead lay. There were two groups of them. All those who had left behind no relatives or friends to mourn (and in this group were one or two families *every one of whom was cut off*) were laid in one spot, to be interred in one common grave. They were mostly the slaves spoken of, and some of the emigrants. And there they lay, the freeman and the slave—all free now—their faces covered, but each with his right arm stretched forth, stark and rigid, toward heaven, betokening the agony and frenzied struggles of their death.

In the other group were men, women, and children, whose calm and serene appearance betokened that to them death had come quickly and painlessly:

'No knitted brow to tell of death,
Or mock the circling daisy wreath;
No limb convulsed, or lip compressed;
All meek, all child-like, all at peace!'

A little child lay there with a toy in its hand; and one elderly German lady, mayhap from 'Kreishiem's bowers of vine,' or mayhap 'sweet Bingen on the Rhine,' with the gray hairs stealing from under her cap, lay there with a thimble on her finger, and a pair of scissors in her right hand, open as in the act of cutting! Probably in the very 'hour and article of death' shaping some quaint dress for the yellow-haired child which lay beside her.

Around this group were gathered the stricken mourners. There were fathers weeping their loss of wives; wives, their husbands; parents, their children; children, their fathers; and one was a brother wailing the loss of a brother. There were some who had recovered the bodies of their 'loved and lost;' many who had not, and lingered till they could. One man related to me that when the boat struck he was on the 'hurricane-deck,' having just left his wife and child asleep on deck in a high berth. He hurried down, and, in water to his neck, had grasped his wife and child, and was in the act of springing toward shore with them, when four Irish women, frantic and desperate, sprang also upon him. 'We all sank together,' said he, 'and I came up alone. There are my wife and child,' he said, pointing to them; and he spoke with such a crank voice and stony face as would have made us shudder, had he not added, on seeing the moistened eye of my companion, 'I can't cry yet, you see.'

While we stood there, groups were flitting like shadows through the dark old trees, digging graves. One young man came and bore away a little boy that we had been gazing at. It was his only child. He had buried the mother yesterday; and having no farther tie here, went with us, with all others who could go, upon our own boat.

After rendering to them all the assistance we could, sparing our provisions, etc., the bell tolled the signal for departure. The passengers slowly returned, with all those from the wreck who desired, and had performed their melancholy duties; and again we were breasting the fierce waters. But few there were of the passengers in the 'Childe Harold,' as she 'rounded out' from that dreary place, and the shadow of night fell darkly upon it, that listened to the sad and sorrowful details from the survivors as they sat gathered around the stove, but were impressed with the conviction that all who 'go down to the sea in ships and do business on the great waters' have need of the protection of HIM who has said to all who have faith and trust, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and the rivers they shall not overflow thee.' And murmuringly, like voices from the 'spirit-land,' to the ear and heart of the writer hereof came the melody of a chaunt, almost prophetic in its words, sung in trustingsness and fervent faith by one near and very dear to him, on the eve of a dreadful morning that ushered in the 'wreck and death' so like unto what we had so recently witnessed, in which 'one (the singer) was taken and the other left:'

'Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O LORD! hast power to save.

'I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall:
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

'And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Waked me from sleep to wreck and death.

'On watery wastes still safe with THEE,
In hope of immortality:
So calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.'

Steamer 'Childe Harold,' Mississippi River, January 26th, 1852.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN.

THE FLIGHT OF ANGELS.

WRITTEN FOR A MONUMENT TO TWO ENGLISH CHILDREN IN THE PROTESTANT BURIAL-
GROUND AT ROME.

Two pilgrims for the Holy Land
Have left our lonely door;
Two sinless angels, hand in hand,
Have reached the promised shore.

We saw them take their heavenward flight
Through floods of drowning tears,
And felt, in woe's bewildering night,
The agony of years.

But now we watch the golden path
Their blessed feet have trod,
And know that voice was not in wrath
Which called them both to God.

Rome, 1852.

J. T. F.

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L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the July Quarter: pp. 276. Boston: LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, Washington-street: New-York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THERE are but seven articles proper in the present number of the 'North-American,' and only two of the briefer 'Critical Notices.' In their order, they are upon the following works: MACKAY's 'Progress of the Intellect;' BRISTED's 'Five Years in an English University;' the Works of DANIEL WEBSTER; LORD MAHON's History of England; PAULI's 'King ÆLFRED;' TAYLOR's 'WESLEY and Methodism;' and STEPHEN's 'Lectures on the History of France.' The two short critical notices are of TRESGOT's 'Diplomacy of the Revolution,' and WHATELY on 'Synonyms and Reasoning.' Of these papers we have only found leisure to peruse four: those on MACKAY, BRISTED, LORD MAHON, and DANIEL WEBSTER. The first two are not handled as gingerly as perhaps they would have desired; but we can answer for our correspondent 'CARL BENSON,' that he is as thick-skinned as a rhinoceros, and is held impervious to the sharp arrows of adverse criticism. But, as old Mr. RIKER used to say, in sentencing the victims of the law, he must 'suffer some.' The paper on the works of DANIEL WEBSTER is a noble tribute to the genius of that consummate orator and greatest of all our American statesmen. It is an elaborate review of the six superb volumes of his works, lately published by Messrs. LITTLE AND BROWN, Boston, and noticed in a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER. We quote a few passages from this able article; the more willingly, that we scarcely consider our first notice to have done justice to so excellent a contribution to the standard literature of our country, as these six volumes of Mr. WEBSTER's works, compiled with characteristic care and faithfulness by so eminent and accomplished an editor as Mr. EDWARD EVERETT:

'MR. WEBSTER is no declaimer, no rhetorician, not even, in the common sense of that phrase, a popular orator. His aim is not to please, but to convince. He never rises in flights of prepared rhetoric, he makes no studied appeals to the feelings. His most successful efforts have been made when he had least opportunity for preparation. In the course of a vehement and rapid discussion in the Senate, when great interests were at stake and fierce passions excited, when every weapon of attack and defence needed to be used at a moment's warning, his vast resources of thought and argument are most successfully developed. He needs the excitement of such a scene to stimulate his powers and give vehemence and energy to his logic. Not that he is by any means a mere gladiator in debate, prompt to give or take offence, and enjoying personal controversy. On the contrary, he moves in too lofty and calm a sphere to be affected by the angry passions of the moment, and a consciousness of power gives a sustained dignity to his manner, which is usually an effective shield against the assaults of his opponents. On the few occasions when the rashness of an adversary has overstepped the limits of courteous debate, Mr. WEBSTER, without descending to vulgar invective, has yet retorted with a terrible severity, that has left no inclination to repeat the experiment.'

'The rigid method and practical, business character of Mr. WEBSTER's speeches appear not only in the exclusion of mere ornament and rhetorical devices, but in avoiding all affectation of profound remark and philosophical reflection. He seldom generalizes, uses none of the technical terms of philosophy, and deals not in brilliant apophthegms. Yet it is not from lack of resources in this particular that he is so chary. On the few occasions which have afforded him scope for broad remark on the philosophy of history and the polity of states, as in the Centennial Oration at

Plymouth and in the debates in the Massachusetts Convention for revising the Constitution, many passages, for profundity and comprehensiveness of thought and sagacity of observation, rival the wisest sayings of MONTESQUIEU or MACKINTOSH. In the Oration, the reflections on the vast, but silent, political influence of laws regulating the descent of property, contrasting the English system of primogeniture and entail with the equal distribution that is enforced in France and is customary in America, and terminating with the bold prophecy, that if the French 'government do not change the law, the law in half a century will change the government,' are not surpassed in political sagacity by the most striking things in BACON or BURKE. This prophecy was uttered ten years before the revolution of 1830; the convulsions of 1848 followed; and the remark of a letter-writer quoted by Mr. EVERETT is perfectly just, that 'Mr. WEBSTER's prophecy seems still to be in the course of a portentous fulfilment.'

'PERHAPS the best specimens of Mr. WEBSTER's vigorous and comprehensive reasoning, which becomes really eloquent only from its compactness and strength, may be found in his diplomatic correspondence. The qualities of his mind and the general character of his composition are admirably adapted to this class of papers. His grave and elevated tone, rising with the magnitude of the interests that are discussed, and with the dignity of the nation of whom, for the time, he is the accredited representative, seems to add greater precision to his masterly statements of the points at issue, and additional weight to the arguments with which he supports his country's cause. When the circumstances require some affront to be noticed, or some injurious imputation to be repelled, the sheathed sarcasm or lofty rebuke falls with merciless severity on the offender. His recent correspondence with the minister of Austria became famous almost by accident, through the casual direction of popular sympathy toward the cause which it was here Mr. WEBSTER's duty to defend; there was a general thrill of pleasure when the chord of public feeling was so skillfully touched, and the sentiment of the nation obtained dignified and fitting utterance. Yet the letters to M. HILSMANN, ably written as they are, can hardly sustain comparison with many other communications which the writer has made to foreign governments; with the letters to M. DE BOCARNEGA, for example, or the whole correspondence with Lord ASHBURTON, or the decided rebuke administered to one of our own ministers for arrogating to himself the right to interfere in that correspondence. In these, there was a right to be vindicated, or a pretension to be repelled, upon the principles of international law, and amid a crowd of conflicting authorities and national jealousies. Mr. WEBSTER's share in this correspondence has commanded the applause of the civilized world; there is nothing in the records of diplomacy to match it. He has not only vindicated his country's claims upon particular points that had been disputed for half a century, but has enlarged and perfected the code itself that regulates the intercourse of nations, by harmonizing its provisions, and establishing, on an immovable basis, some of its doctrines that had nearly lost their authority. The great principle, especially, that every vessel is a part of the territory of the nation to which she belongs, and carries its sovereignty along with her, upon the high seas, or even into a friendly foreign port, so far that the rights and obligations of all on board can be determined only under the jurisdiction and by the laws of that nation, without any interference of the local or foreign law, may now be regarded, thanks to Mr. WEBSTER's exertions, as permanently established in the law of nations. It can never be impugned but by the exertion of arbitrary will and superior strength.

'We have placed most stress upon the argumentative power displayed in Mr. WEBSTER's speeches and papers, not because they are deficient in the other attributes of eloquence, but because these other attributes are always made subservient to the reasoning and to the great purpose which it is the object of the speaker or the writer to advocate and defend. Strong and even passionate feeling produces on him its usual effect on every mind of large powers and comprehensive culture, by stimulating the fancy and the imagination, and calling up all the stores of memory to the illustration of his subject. Sometimes, a trope, conveyed in a single word, flashes a broad light over the whole theme which he has been laboring to inculcate. Often, the fancy ceases to dwell on separate points in a description, and brings up, by a few bold touches, a whole picture to the mind's eye, which stirs the feelings as strongly as if the real scene were stretched out to view in all the amplitude of its details. Still a severe taste governs the selection of the particulars which are to be communicated; nothing is overwrought, and all that might shock the sensibilities, or create mere disgust, is carefully suppressed. The kindled imagination of the hearer is left to supply the details that must not be spoken.'

A single passage more must close the present notice. It includes a portion of Mr. WEBSTER's own description of an orator, in which he has unconsciously depicted himself:

'MR. WEBSTER's eloquence is more remarkable for fervor of sentiment and depth of feeling, than for richness of imagery or imaginative power. No one has a greater contempt for the barren shows of oratorical and poetic phraseology, or for the mere illusions of fancy. If the imagination is ever allowed to take wing, as in the magnificent description—which we do not quote only because it has been already quoted a thousand times—of the vast extension of British power, under the image of the martial music of England following the sun around the whole circumference of the globe—it is but a momentary flight of the poetic feeling which pervades all true eloquence, and the firm tramp of the argument is resumed as steadily as if it had not quitted the earth for an instant. The characteristics of Mr. WEBSTER's most impassioned manner can be described only by himself, in the celebrated passage on true eloquence, which will be remembered as long as the English language endures:

'WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities that produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be

brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.'

'Lord MAHON'S History' is a very long and elaborate article, which will both invite and reward perusal, but we have no space left for its consideration at this time: being compelled to take our leave of the Review with a simple commendation of its matter and manner to the attention and admiration of our readers.

LITTLE PEDDLINGTON AND THE PEDDLINGTONIANS. By JOHN POOLE, Author of 'PAUL PRY,' etc. In two volumes: pp. 48L. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

The publishers of these capital volumes have done well to include them in their 'Popular Library,' for 'popular' they have already become. Our readers have known, long ago, what *our* opinion of the 'Little Peddlington Papers' is; for in past volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER we find that we have quoted something less (and only a little less) than a third of the whole collection. It is a satire as keen and sly as that of PAUL PRY itself; which the variety of characters, and their marked individuality, set forth to the very best advantage. We must give the author's account of his visit to the studio of Mr. DAUBSON, the great Little Peddlington artist:

'USHERED into the presence of the great artist. As it usually happens with one's preconceived notions of the personal appearance of eminent people, mine, with respect to DAUBSON, turned out to be all wrong. In the portrait of MICHAEL ANGELO you read of the severity and stern vigor of his works; of tenderness, elegance, and delicacy in RAPHAEL'S; in REMBRANT'S, of his coarseness, as well as of his strength; in VANDYKE'S, of refinement; in all, of intellectual power. But I must own that, in DAUBSON, I perceived nothing indicative of the creator of the 'Grenadier.' Were I, however, to attempt to convey by a single word a general notion of his appearance, I should say it is *interesting*. To descend to particulars: He is considerably below the middle height; his figure is slim, except toward the lower part of the waistcoat, where it is protuberant; his arms are long, and his knees have a tendency to approach each other; face small, sharp, and pointed; complexion of a bilious hue, the effect, doubtless, of deep study; small, gray eyes; bushy, black eyebrows; and head destitute of hair, except at the hinder part, where the few stragglers are collected and bound together pigtail-wise. Dress: coat of brown fustian; waistcoat, stockings, and smalls, black; silk neckerchief, black; and, I had almost added, black shirt, but that I should hardly be warranted in declaring on this point upon the small specimen exhibited. Manners, language, and address, simple and unaffected; and in these you at once recognize the GENIUS.

'Having told him, in reply to his question whether I came to be 'done?' that I had come for that purpose, he (disdaining the jargon common to your London artists, about 'Kiteats,' and 'whole-lengths,' and 'Bishop's half-lengths,' and 'three-quarters,' and so forth) came at once to the point, by saying:

'Do you wish to be taken short—or long, Mister?'

'Told him I should prefer being taken short.

'Then get up and sit down, if you please, Mister.'

'I was unable to reconcile these seemingly contradictory directions, till he pointed to a narrow, high-backed chair, placed on a platform elevated a few inches above the floor. By the side of the chair was a machine of curious construction, from which protruded a long wire.

'Mounted, and took my seat.

'Now, Mister, please to look at that,' said DAUBSON; at the same time pointing to a Dutch cuckoo-clock which hung in a corner of the room. 'Twenty-four minutes and a half past four. Head *stiddy*, Mister.'

'He then slowly drew the wire I have mentioned over my head, and down my nose and chin; and having so done, exclaimed: 'There, Mister, *now* look at the clock—twenty-five minutes and a half. What do you think of *that*?'

'What could I think, indeed! or what could I do but utter an exclamation of astonishment! In that inconceivably short time had the 'great DAUBSON' produced, in profile, a perfect outline of my bust, with the head thrown back, and the nose interestingly perked up in the air. 'Such,' might HARRY well exclaim, 'such are the wonders of art!'

"Now, Mister, while I'm giving the finishing touches to the pictur' — that is to say, filling up the outline with *Inky-ink* — I wish you'd just have the goodness to give me your *candid* opinion of my works here. But no flattery, Mister; tell me what you *really* think. I like to be told of my faults; I turn it to account; I improve by it."

"Can a more agreeable task be assigned to you than that of delivering to an artist, an author, or indeed to any body, a *candid* opinion of his productions; especially if, in the excess of your candor, you temper a hundred weight of praise with but one little grain of censure? Let mine enemy walk through the rooms of the Royal Academy arm-in-arm with an exhibitor, and try it — that's all."

"Looked at the profiles hanging about the room. Said of them, severally, 'Beautiful!' 'Charming!' 'Exquisite!' 'Divine!'"

"So, so, Mister," said DAUBSON, rising, 'I've found you out: you are an artist.'

"I assure you, Sir," said I, 'you are mistaken. I am sorry I cannot boast of being a member of that distinguished profession.'

"You can't deceive me, Mister. No body, excepting one of us, can know so much about art as you do. Your opinions are so just, it can't be otherwise. But these are trifles not worth speaking of — although they may be very well in their way, Mister — and although, without vanity, I may say, I don't know the man that can beat them. But what think you of my great work — my 'Grenadier,' Mister? Now, without flattery."

"Encouraged by praise of my connoisseurship, and from so high a quarter, I talked boldly, as a connoisseur ought to do; not forgetting to make liberal use of those terms by the employment of which one who knows little may acquire a reputation for connoisseurship among those who know less; and concluding (like the last discharge of rockets at Vauxhall) by letting off all my favorite terms at once. 'Mr. DAUBSON,' said I, 'I assure you, that for design, composition, drawing, and color; for middle distance, fore-ground, back-ground, *chiar-oscuro*, tone, fore-shortening, and light and shade; for breadth, depth, harmony, perspective, penicilling, and finish, I have seen nothing in Little Peddington that would endure a moment's comparison with it.'

"Where could you have got your knowledge of art, your fine taste, your sound judgment, if you are not an artist? I wish I could have the advantage of your opinion now and then — so correct in all respects; I am sure I should profit by it, Mister. Now — there is your portrait; as like you as one pea is to another, Mister."

"Yes," said I, 'it is like; but isn't the head thrown rather too much backward?'"

"DAUBSON's countenance fell!"

"Too much backward! Why, Mister, how would you have the head?'"

"My objection goes simply to this, Mr. DAUBSON. It seems to me that, by throwing the head into that position —"

"Seems to *you*, Mister. I think I, as a professional artist, ought to know best. But that is the curse of our profession: people come to us, and would teach *us* what to do."

"You asked me for a candid opinion, Sir; otherwise I should not have presumed to —"

"Yes, Mister, I did ask you for a candid opinion; and so long as you talked like a sensible man, I listened to you. But when you talk to a professional man upon a subject he, naturally, must be best acquainted with — Backward, indeed! I never placed a head better in all my life."

"Reflecting that DAUBSON 'as a professional man,' must, consequently, be infallible, I withdrew my objection, and changed the subject."

"How is it, Sir," said I, 'that so eminent an artist as you is not a member of the Royal Academy?'"

"D — n the Royal Academy!" exclaimed he, his yellow face turning blue: 'D — n the Royal Academy' they shall never see me among such a set. No, Mister; I have thrown down the gauntlet and defied them. When they refused to exhibit my 'Grenadier,' I made up my mind never to send them another work of mine, Mister; never to countenance them in any way; and I have kept my resolution. No, Mister; they repent their treatment of me, but it is too late; DAUBSON is unappeasable: they may fret their hearts out, but they shall never see a pictur' of mine again. Why, Mister, it is only last year that a *friend of mine* — without my knowledge — sent them one of my pictur's, and they rejected it. They knew well enough whose it was. But I considered that as the greatest compliment ever paid me; it showed they were afraid of the competition. D — n 'em! if they did but know how much I despise 'em! I never bestow a thought upon 'em; not I, Mister. But that den must be broken up; there will be no high art in England while that exists. Intrigue! cabal! It is notorious that they never exhibit any man's pictur's unless he happens to have R.A. tacked to his name. It is notorious that they pay five thousand a year to the 'Times' for praising their works and for not noticing mine. D — n 'em! what a thorough contempt I feel for 'em! I can imagine them at their dinners, which cost them thousands a year: there they are, PHILLIPS, and SNEY, and PICKERSGILL, and WILKIN, and BRIGGS, laying their heads together to oppose me! But which of them can paint a 'Grenadier?' D — n 'em! they are one mass of envy and uncharitableness, that I can tell you, Mister."

"Happily, Mr. DAUBSON," said I, 'those vices scarcely exist in Little Peddington.'

"Unheard of, Mister. I don't envy *them*; I envy no man; on the contrary, I'm always ready to lend a hand to push on any rising talent that comes forward; although, to be sure, I'll allow no man to take profiles in Little Peddington whilst I live: that's self-preservation. But they! they'd destroy me if they could."

We recollect asking DICKENS, when in the sanctum on one occasion while in this country, whether the Little Peddington journals did not suggest to him the 'Eatonsville Gazette' and 'Independent,' and he frankly admitted that they did, and that the copy was altogether unequal to the models. Again we commend 'Little Peddington and the Peddingtonians' to all lovers of trenchant satire, and sly, quiet humor.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. In one volume: pp. 229. A new Edition. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall.

HALLECK is receiving his bays while 'he's alive to wear them.' In the maturity of his prime, he finds his poetry thoroughly 'endenized in the national heart,' and his fame even brightening instead of growing dim. With health and leisure; country air and an equable spirit; and enough of this world's gear for all reasonable desires—his strikes us as a condition to be envied. Nor is his high reputation confined to his own country. He is scarcely less known or less favorably appreciated abroad than at home. Doubtless the poet ROGERS recently spoke the opinions of his contemporaries in England as well as his own, when he said of certain of HALLECK's poems that they 'could not be excelled by any living writer.' The present volume contains much matter that has never appeared in book-form before, including the admirable poem entitled 'Connecticut,' contributed by Mr. HALLECK to a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER. We must say a single word in commendation of the manner in which the publisher has acquitted himself in the execution of the volume. The paper is fair and white, and the printing excellent. One only attraction is wanting; and that is, the fine engraving of the author's likeness, from the portrait by ELLIOTT, which once embellished a somewhat larger and more expensive work.

SECOND SERIES OF VOYAGES TO VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD, made between the Years 1802 and 1841. By GEORGE COGGESHALL. In one volume: pp. 335. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE present and preceding volume were selected from a carefully-kept manuscript journal of eighty voyages made by the author to different parts of the world. The first work was noticed in these pages, and commended for the graphic directness and simplicity of its descriptions, and for the great amount of valuable historical and other information which it contained. To the work before us the same praise may honestly be awarded. While the records of these voyages will excite the interest of the general reader, they will be of still greater interest and value to the younger portion of the community, who will by them be enabled to trace the progress of our growing commercial marine during the last half-century. The first voyage of this series was made in 1802, and the last in 1841, consequently they extend over a space of more than thirty-nine years. 'I have been travelling and voyaging about the world,' says our author, in his brief and modest preface, 'for a period of fifty-two years, and have kept a regular journal from the commencement of my career until the present time. I have, of course, passed through many perilous and exciting scenes not given to the public, but I have related enough to prove the hardships and trials of a seaman's life, and also to show that mine has been a checkered one. In narrating these voyages it has been my constant aim to do justice to all, and needlessly to hurt the feelings of no individual named in my work. Still I have strictly adhered to the truth under all circumstances, and have never called good evil, nor evil good; and as I am now drawing near the close of life, I hope to die at peace with God and all mankind.' The present volume, like its predecessor, is exceedingly well executed, upon large, clear types, and fine paper, and is embellished with an excellent portrait on steel of the venerable author.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR PUBLISHER ON HIS TRAVELS.—The following letter to the Editor from the PUBLISHER will be found to contain a succinct and graphic account of an extended trip over a very interesting and important section of our 'ger-reat and gel-lorious ked'ntry.' Our own acceptance of two courteous invitations to join the excursion in question was prevented by a previous engagement, which took us, at the same time, into the lovely and picturesque region of the Chenango and the Susquehanna.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'MY DEAR SIR: When you kindly transferred to me your invitation to join the excursion to celebrate the *Opening of the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Rail-road through to Chicago*, you made me promise to keep a few notes by the way, that on my return I might give some account of my journey. I am sure our readers will feel that you, as well as they, have lost much by the previous engagement which prevented you from joining the party; but as your loss was my gain, I proceed, in accordance with my promise, to give some brief impressions of that admirable and most liberally-planned excursion from New-York to Chicago.

'Since the completion of the Erie Rail-road, I have been anticipating the time when I should be able to go over it, and see with my own eyes the magnitude of that great work of which I had heard so much. On the morning of the twenty-first ultimo, as bright and beautiful a June morning as one could wish to see, I was on board the ferry-boat at the foot of Duane-street, with a number of our fellow-travellers. Our attention was attracted, until we were partly across the river, by the new and elegant steamer, FRANCIS SKIDDY, giving notes of preparation for her departure on her first trip to Albany. A comparison between the steamer and the locomotive came involuntarily to mind, as I thought of the one hundred and fifty miles this new floating palace was to go in a few hours, and the four hundred and sixty our iron horse was that day to accomplish with a steam-boat load behind him, before he would be allowed to hush the quick pulsations of his fiery nostrils, and cool his glowing sides. While thinking of this, we were at Jersey City, and soon over the Paterson Rail-road to Sufferns, where we exchanged our cars for the more commodious, roomy ones, which I have only met with on the Erie road; and now we feel as if our journey was fairly begun.

'You have frequently travelled over, and often described, in the KNICKERBOCKER, many of the most interesting objects on the Erie road. I shall therefore not make any attempt to depict it, but refer those who desire a full description, to HARPER'S Erie Rail-road Guide. I do not think the scenery on the banks of the Delaware equal to that on the Connecticut, although to another mind its air of wildness may be far more pleasing.* But as you approach Binghamton, and ride along the lovely valley of the Susquehanna, you find scenery unsurpassed for beauty, and you only regret that the rapid motion prevents any thing like a proper enjoyment of it. I was surprised to

* We are sorry that we forgot to advise our friend to take the right-hand side of the cars that go west, on the New-York and Erie Rail-road, and the left-hand side in returning. Riding on the left he lost all the magnificent views as you approach Port Jervis; the sleeping vale, the white village, the distant mountains, the gleaming river; the awful 'Glass-House Rocks,' with the rushing Delaware below; and the exquisitely beautiful valley of the Susquehanna, as it first greets the sight. Scarcely any of these objects can be properly seen save from the right-hand windows of the cars, as you journey westward. Our traveller reversed this order in going, and he returned in the night.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

see that the road lay through lands which appear to have been but very recently cultivated : through a great part of it, beyond Elmira and Owego, you find new settlements, the towns new, and a great deal of land for the first time brought under culture ; an aspect I should have looked for in Michigan rather than here. The advantage of getting easily to market will of course induce settlements near the road, and will tend to increase its business, which is already so large as to make a double track indispensable. I see this is being laid as fast as possible. Who can estimate the business of this road in ten, twenty, or thirty years from this time ? There cannot be a doubt but this great thoroughfare, with all its branches, and all the other routes to our great lakes, will have as much as they can do.

'To go over the whole of this road in one day is rather an arduous undertaking, as you are allowed but little time to get out and extend the stiffened muscles and limbs. The hasty manner in which you are obliged to bolt your food is a nuisance which should be abated. Twenty minutes is about the longest time for eating, and if they get behind time they will stop only ten. I observed sometimes that when the passengers would get about half through their meal, the locomotive (a most dissolute fellow, by the way, who was all the time smoking and drinking) would commence backing and filling, and uttering unearthly shrieks, so as to make us think he was about to be off, until there was a general rush to the platform, and then the animal would be as still as if he was holding his breath to chuckle over the trick he had served us.

'We arrived at Dunkirk about midnight, and the next day about two P. M. we embarked for Monroe, Michigan, on board the new and splendid steamer Northern Indiana, Captain ROBERT WAGSTAFF. I cannot say whether the captain is a relative of the Editor of the Bunkum Flag-Staff or not, but he looks as if he could do his own fighting. On board the boat we found a large party of ladies and gentlemen, some from Buffalo, and others who had just arrived in the train due at one P. M. Among them were ex-Governor MARCY, Rev. Dr. TYNG, Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, SHEPHERD KNAPP, Esq., Hon. A. C. FLAGG, JOHN B. JERVIS, Esq., Chief Engineer, CHARLES BUTLER, Esq., Chief Justice BRONSON, Mr. Comptroller WRIGHT, Judges PARKER and RUGGLES, BENJAMIN LODER, Esq., the energetic President of the Erie Rail-road Company, Col. BLISS, President of the Michigan Company, Col. MURRAY, Hon. Mr. BEACH, Mr. LITCHFIELD, O. V. BRAINERD, Esq., of Watertown, Mayor BARTON, of Buffalo, Rev. W. H. BRIDWELL, Mr. WILSON, of the *Daily Times*, Col. CLAPP, of the *Buffalo Express*, and many others, and about one hundred ladies. There was a fine fresh breeze, making the lake quite rough, and creating apprehensions of sea-sickness among the fair portion of our passengers, if not among the gentlemen themselves. My own fears on this subject were at an end as soon as I felt the steadiness of our noble craft. The Northern Indiana and the Southern Michigan are both new vessels of the first class, equal in every respect to the first-class steamers on the Hudson, but of course very much stronger. They were built last winter by the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Rail-road Company, to run in connection with their road ; and they, with the Empire State, form a daily line from Buffalo and Dunkirk to Monroe and Toledo, connecting in this way Chicago with New-York.

'Our boat was furnished without regard to expense, and all her arrangements were convenient as well as elegant. The dinner on board was sumptuous, and entirely satisfactory to those more appreciative of the art of dining than I am. Not having a lady with me, and not knowing any whose hand I could solicit for the occasion, I was, with many others equally fortunate, obliged to wait for the second table, as it was utterly impossible to seat four hundred people at once, ladies of course having the preference. It required considerable patience to control our appetites two hours or more, but we bore our fate like philosophers, and did ample justice to the dinner when our turn came.

'You will of course know that in the night our boat ran into and sunk a schooner, by which exploit she bit her own nose off, or rather, more literally, split it open, for she sprung a leak, and it was at one time feared by the officers that we would not be able to get to land. I was asleep, and did not know of the accident or danger till next morning, when we were alongside the wharf at Cleveland. I suppose it is as well, if people are to be drowned, that the officers of the boat should keep them ignorant of such an interesting fact. 'Where Ignorance is bliss,' you know. Had our good ship gone down, I should probably have never made much fuss, for in my position, stowed away below, I could not possibly have got a chance even to swim for my life. I rejoice and feel thankful that no lives were lost. There were many noble souls on board that vessel for whom God has a work yet to do in this world, and He saved them from this peril by the sea.

'I had made a voyage about seven years ago from Chicago to Buffalo around the lakes, and from Detroit I had taken the Canada-shore route. I had therefore never seen the Forest City of Cleveland. I was glad to have the opportunity now. It is situated, as you know, on an elevated plateau, high above the lake, and is a most delightful and thriving city. It was my good fortune to have met in New-York a gentleman who recently filled the office of Mayor of Cleveland with the most marked acceptance, whom I called upon with my friend Mr. A. The ex-Mayor gave

us a cordial welcome, and finding we were like pilgrims cast upon the shore, and had but a few hours to remain, he, with true western hospitality, got out his carriage and drove us all over the city; first up one wide and beautiful avenue, and then down another, till we had explored the whole place. We admired the good taste which has preserved so many of the native trees of the forest in this beautiful city. It is well built, has many spacious and elegant dwelling-houses, and is such a place as almost any one would wish to live in. Our host is the son of one of the first settlers of the place, who has become very wealthy, principally, I believe, by the rise in property in Cleveland. His worthy son, who is, unfortunately for himself, a bachelor, though not an old one, has of late years taken a great interest in rail-roads. He has a controlling interest in some of them, and in these great and useful enterprises he is doing much for the commercial and social improvement of his native State and the city of Cleveland. May he live long to see and enjoy the fruits of his labors!

'When it was found that we must spend another night on the boat, (and after the leak had been stopped,) the Committee of Arrangements determined to proceed to Toledo, one hundred miles west of Cleveland, and remain there all night. Our run to this point was delightful. The lake had become calm as one could wish to see it, and the scene, as we ran by the light of the declining sun into the beautiful Maumee bay and river, up to Toledo, was one of that calm, placid loveliness that soothes the care-worn spirit, and gives it a foretaste of peace. Toledo is connected with Chicago by the Erie and Kalamazoo road to Adrian. It is a place which has still room to grow, and we were not long in making a tour of its principal streets. It is destined to become a very important point, being at the head of Lake Erie, and being also the terminus of the Wabash and Erie and Miami canals. It is here, too, that the Lake-shore road, now being made from Buffalo to Dunkirk and Cleveland, connects with the Southern Michigan, thus forming an unbroken line from New-York to Chicago.

'After supper, our party assembled in the upper saloon, and at the suggestion of some of the guests a meeting was called to express a sense of their obligations to the Directors of the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Rail-road for the polite invitation extended to them, and for the unceasing attention so bestowed as to give to every one the greatest amount of enjoyment. Judge BRONSON was called to the chair, and Mr. MAYNARD, of Buffalo, and Mr. DANA, of the *New-York Tribune*, who overtook us at Cleveland, were appointed secretaries. A committee was selected to prepare resolutions, who retired for that purpose to the captain's room. While they were out, Gov. MARCY tried to induce some of the ladies to express their opinions, but there were no leading members of the Woman's Rights Convention present, or else they preferred to be silent. The Committee soon returned, and presented two resolutions, appropriate and expressive, which were unanimously adopted. The Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, of the Reformed Dutch church in New-York, was then called upon, who addressed the meeting for a few minutes on the social importance of internal improvements. His remarks were very happy, entering fully into the spirit of the occasion, and were received with great approbation. Rev. Dr. TYNG, who had almost hid himself in a corner, as far as possible from the scene of action, was called upon so long, that he was constrained to come forward. He, like Dr. VERMILYE, spoke of the social and religious bearing of these great highways. He said, quoting, I believe, from Kossuth, that the locomotive was the true Democrat, an engine which will ride over all parties, cliques, and sects. I cannot give his words, but the great idea was, that these iron bands would soon become so multiplied that there would be no North, no South, no East nor West: strong ties of kindred would unite the people of these States: the telegraphic rail-way would make communication and intercourse so rapid and easy, that a feeling of estrangement would be impossible. Their influence in cementing our glorious Union, in making it 'one and indissoluble,' will be every day more appreciated, at least by those whose business or pleasure inclines them to travel. Mr. BENJAMIN LODER, the popular President of the Erie Rail-road Company, being called upon, spoke of the great enterprise with which his name had been connected. He alluded to the great obstacles the Company had to encounter, which at times seemed insurmountable, but which had at length been overcome. He stated a fact in relation to himself which surprised me. This was the first time he had ever been west of Dunkirk; his duties at home had so entirely occupied him that he had been unable to make the journey. I think that his confidence in 'Erie' must be greatly increased (if any thing was needed to increase it) by his recent visit. I have often wondered that our leading merchants do not travel more. I was a short time since in conversation with one of our leading shipping-merchants, who has for years been largely and successfully engaged in the foreign and southern trade, who has ships and steamers leaving New-York almost every day, and to my surprise he told me he had never been as far south as Charleston. It struck me that such a man had much to learn.

'But to return. After some other speeches, CHARLES BUTLER, Esq., of the Committee of Arrangements, made some interesting statements respecting the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana road, in the construction of which he had taken an important part. He also alluded

to the responsibilities of the committee in providing for so many guests for such a distance, and particularly to the accident the night before, when the apprehension of a most fearful disaster was so great as to compress into an hour the anxieties of a life-time.

The meeting soon adjourned, and the company proceeded to the forward saloon, where some impatient musicians were awaiting them, and many of the younger portion of the party enjoyed themselves in dancing till a late hour.

Between six and seven the next morning we ran round to Monroe, where the cars were waiting to convey us to Chicago. The party were received here by military and fire companies, with firing of cannon, beating of drums, etc. There were also here some other directors of the road, among whom I noticed the Hon. HUGH WHITE, late member of Congress from our State. Mr. WHITE, after becoming tired of political life, has been for some time devoting himself to more congenial and I should think far more useful labors than President-making, which seems to be the principal occupation of members of Congress, for this year at least.

After our reception on the shore of Michigan, the party seated themselves in the cars and went from the landing to Monroe, where we were again received with a military salute by companies that compare favorably with those of our Empire City in dress and military bearing.

The most interesting feature in our welcome to Monroe was that extended to us by the young ladies of the Monroe Female Seminary. They were out in full force, armed and equipped. My friend and myself were in the second train of cars; and I see some writer who was in the first has boasted of the lavish manner in which the bouquets were thrown upon them by the fair hands which had so carefully and tastefully arranged them. I assure you, Sir, we had abundant reason to be satisfied with our share. I saw one young gentleman, as the flowers began to come into the car windows, who seemed to be felicitating himself with the idea that his beautiful moustache had captivated at least one of the young daughters of Michigan, until he saw that he was not alone in his glory, for the favors of these young beauties were so general that none of us could boast of any advantage. The idea of receiving us in May-day attire, and loaded with flowers, could only have originated in the refinement of female taste; and the beautiful manner in which they fulfilled their part will not soon be forgotten by those who were honored with such a compliment. One of the cars in our train being nearly empty, our conductor politely allowed the young Misses of the Seminary to accompany us as far as Petersburg, where we met a returning train, when we reluctantly bade them farewell.

Our route was now through southern Michigan, stopping first at Adrian, a very pleasant and rapidly-improving town. The road passes through Hudson, Hillsdale, Jonesville, Quincy, Coldwater, etc., to White Pigeon, a place apparently about six months old, where we were to dine. The spacious dining-halls were in the large unfinished dépôt, and we were pleased to find awaiting us a dinner, not only substantial, but embracing many luxuries of the season. The wishes of the guests were anticipated by the young ladies and gentlemen of the vicinity, who were in attendance in large numbers, making a gala-day of the occasion. Our party were so well pleased with their entertainment here, that on the departure of the cars, they expressed their approbation in enthusiastic cheers for the ladies of White Pigeon.

Soon after dinner we crossed the line dividing Michigan from Indiana. Our first stopping-place was at Elkhart; we passed through the towns of Mishawaka, South-Bend, Te re Coupée, Laporte, Holmesville, Baileytown, and Ainsworth, to Chicago. Our view of Laporte made us regret that we could not see more of that pleasant and thriving town. Great interest and satisfaction were manifested by those who, for the first time, looked upon the beautiful prairies of the west. Those on our route were not so large as the vast plains in Illinois and other parts of Indiana; but the stately forests interspersed with openings, on which the rank grass in its rich green waves in undulating motion to the breeze, formed a landscape on which the eye rests with unmingled pleasure; while to the agriculturist the virgin soil, all ready for the plough, gives promise of a rich return for his labor. It only needed the Northern Indiana road to bring a market to his very doors.

It was near sunset when we approached the shores of Lake Michigan, the first view of which, as it suddenly broke upon us, attracted all eyes to that side of the cars. Lovely was our ride along the low shore, where the calm waters lay like a sleeping ocean in the still twilight of that summer evening. The cool and invigorating breeze, with the quiet scene before us, was so refreshing as to cause us to forget the fatigue and weariness unavoidably attendant upon a journey of two hundred and forty-six miles in the cars.

Our train reached Chicago about nine p. m. A gentleman of the city met us at the cars, and told us there were carriages waiting to take us to the city; that the best hotels were full, but that a committee of citizens were then together to provide lodgings for us at private houses. Mr. A. and myself preferred such accommodations as we could still obtain, rather than impose on the kindness of strangers. The next morning I called on Mr. S., a gentleman who has for many years

been a resident of the place, whom I saw on my former visit, and with whom I had occasional business correspondence, and he insisted that Mr. A. and myself should at once have our baggage sent from the hotel to his house, and consider ourselves his guests for the day, as we purposed turning our faces homeward that night. As he would take no denial, we accepted his invitation, so kindly given, and, after strolling through the city, making several calls, and among others a short but very pleasant one upon the Editor of the *Chicago Daily Journal*, we went to the residence of our friend to dinner. His house is delightfully situated on Michigan Avenue, which bears the same relation to Chicago that the Fifth Avenue does to New-York, being *the street* for residences. It is directly on the lake, and apparently only a few feet above the water, which spreads like Ocean's mirror in all its grandeur before you. We were on this street several times, and during my first visit here I had many times passed along it; and I then and still think, I should never tire of looking out upon this great lake. I have never seen Lake Michigan lashed into tempestuous waves by the unchained fury of the winds, where there are no mountains or hills to impede their course; and at such a time, when Michigan Avenue is washed by the spray of the dashing waters, I might receive a different impression of its beauty.

'We were received by Mrs. S. with a cordial, unaffected welcome, which made us at once feel at home with her and her lovely children; and we soon sat down to a sumptuous dinner, to which we did ample justice. A part of our dessert consisted of strawberries and cream. Yes, Sir; fine, ripe, juicy strawberries and *real* cream, a thing Gothamites know only by the hearing of the ear. Some of their ancestors may have known it; those who, like myself, were *raised* in the country may have tasted it; but to the modern New-Yorker it is a substance entirely unknown. After allowing our dinner a little time to digest, my friend procured a carriage, and, with Mr. S. to accompany us, he drove us in every direction around and through the city, pointing out all the chief objects of interest on the way. Chicago has now a population of about forty thousand, and is increasing more rapidly than ever before. It has several large and commodious hotels, the most extensive of which is the Tremont, where I did *not* stop, except to ascend to the cupola, from which I had a fine view of the city, the prairie, and the lake. There are several fine churches, of which the Second Presbyterian church, recently erected, is the finest. It was open, and was visited by most of the excursionists, who all admired the beauty of its architecture and its commodious and neatly-finished interior. I noticed several large and well-filled book-stores, and learn that they are well supported, a fact which speaks highly for the intelligence of this part of our great west. When the numerous rail-roads now being constructed, which will lead to and from Chicago, are completed, it will have commercial advantages over any other city in the north-west.

'I wished to return by Detroit, and was politely furnished with a ticket from Chicago to Buffalo by Colonel HAMMOND, the active agent of the Michigan Central Rail-road. As I purposed being in Detroit on Saturday, I was obliged to go over this road in the night, and of course could see nothing of the country. The Central road is two hundred and eighty-one miles long, is well built, and all the arrangements are as perfect as on any of our eastern roads. The company have three steamers, the *May-flower*, *Atlantic*, and *Ocean*, which form a daily line from Detroit to Buffalo. We stopped for our morning meal at Marshall, where we found an excellent breakfast. A friend who has just come over this route says he had the best dinner at Marshall, with more time and comfort in eating it, than on any road he has been over in his travels.

'I arrived at Detroit about nine A. M., and went to the Biddle-House, where I met some New-York friends, who introduced me to Colonel DIBBLE, who, with his worthy son, do the honors of their fine establishment in such a way as to make their guests feel entirely at home. Perfect order and quietness prevail through the house, forming a very pleasant contrast to the disagreeable bustle and stunning sounds of the infernal gong, etc., which are so often met with in hotels. Detroit has greatly improved during the past seven years and must undoubtedly continue to do so. It has important commercial advantages, great beauty of situation, and to the other modes of communication with the Atlantic cities, will soon be added the rail-road along the Canada shore to Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec.

'After spending the Sabbath in quietness here, on Monday morning I bade adieu to the Messrs. DIBBLE, and took passage on the *May-flower*, which for the last three years has been the 'crack boat' on Lake Erie. Mr. H. S. NICHOLLS, the worthy and accommodating clerk, had made me promise to go over the lake with him, in case I should be in that vicinity this summer. I was therefore happy to meet him and Captain GEORGE WILLOUGHBY, the commander, who combines the experience of the sailor with the true gentleman, and is deservedly popular. Quite a number of the 'solid men' of Wall-street, with their ladies, who were of the excursion party, had come over from Chicago on Saturday, and went down the lake on the *May-flower*. The day was fine, the lake smooth, the dinner superb, and nothing wanting to make the passage as agreeable as it could be. In the evening, I found the ladies and gentlemen in the after-saloon gathered about a young colored man, who seemed to possess very considerable powers as a ventriloquist.

He held an amusing dialogue with an old man under a chair, and then in one of the state-rooms; and lastly, wishing to show some of the ladies still more of his skill, he asked some gentlemen to stand up. As they seemed rather backward, SHEPHERD KNAPP, Esq., offered himself for a 'subject,' when the artist made us hear the old man in Mr. KNAPP's interior, as if struggling to get free, and then he seemed to be full of chickens, whose chirping was received with roars of laughter by the company. After a delightful passage we arrived at Buffalo, and the next morning went down the Niagara river to the Rapids, in the Canada steamer. We had there to change to some cars drawn by horses; and this part of the journey is detestable: all the arrangements are behind the age, and such as would not be tolerated in the States. But we soon arrived at the Clifton-House, and a view of the falls allayed every remnant of indignation at the old fogies who manage the rail-road.

'I should be guilty of presumption if I were to undertake any description of Niagara. After tiring myself in the delightful walks on both sides of the river. I was lulled to repose by the roar of the cataract, and it was the first object presented to my waking vision. My friend Mr. A., who is an Englishman, felt his loyalty stirring his soul at being again in the QUEEN's dominions. He considers the falls a *great institution*, which will bear seeing more than once. We went over to Goat-Island the day of our arrival, and saw the falls from almost every point of view, and the next day enjoyed the never-tiring scenery again. In the afternoon we returned to Buffalo, and thence to Dunkirk, and over the Erie Rail-road home.

'Thus ended the most extensive and pleasant excursion ever given by any rail-road company. I regret that I have not been able to give you a better account of it. When we see how much has been accomplished in twenty years in the infancy of rail-road enterprise; when we take a glance at the great lines now being built, we cannot but look forward, and think what will be the result of twenty years' farther progress in the ratio of the past. Why, Sir, if I am permitted to live ten or fifteen years, I as much expect to be able to go from New-York to San Francisco by rail-road in six days, as I do that the time will roll around. When I see how much has been and is being accomplished in these great commercial improvements, I am thankful that I live in *such a country* and in *such an age*.

Most truly yours,

'6 H'

THE LATE DAVID GRAHAM. — The death of this distinguished citizen has created a void in the metropolitan bar, in society, and in circles of private friendship, which will not soon be filled. Mr. GRAHAM was one of the oldest of our personal friends: a warm-hearted, genial man; of accomplished manners and profound acquirements; who attached his friends to him without effort, and preserved them to the end of his life. He was an affectionate son, husband, and father; and by all who were capable of appreciating him, he was esteemed and beloved. Had WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK been living, few deaths would have so touched his heart as that of his life-long friend and constant correspondent, DAVID GRAHAM. It is gratifying to know that no 'stranger hands' were required to minister to his last wants. An affectionate and devoted brother, who had watched over him with the most assiduous care, closed his dying eyes in a foreign land, and accompanied his embalmed body back to its native soil. The following particulars in Mr. GRAHAM's history we derive from sources entirely authentic: He was born on the seventh day of February, 1808. At an early age he entered Columbia College, leaving which, he entered the office of his father, DAVID GRAHAM, Senior. In 1827, at the age of nineteen, he was admitted to the bar, and before attaining his majority, argued cases in the highest courts in the State. In 1831 he was a leading member of the National Republican Convention, which nominated HENRY CLAY for President, and JOHN SARGENT for Vice-President, and was a warm personal and political friend of the great statesman through life. In 1832 he published the first edition of his 'Practice,' which became the standard work on that subject in this state, and, until the passing of the new 'Code,' was the lawyer's '*vade mecum*.' In 1838 he was elected a member of the Common Council, and served for three consecutive years. In 1839 he published

his work on the Jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. The same year, he defended the celebrated case of EZRA WHITE, for murder; and although his client was convicted, through the assiduity and professional skill of his opponent, a new trial was obtained, which resulted in a conviction for manslaughter in the third degree. This was one of upward of fifteen exciting capital cases, including MARY BODINE'S, AUSTIN'S, and DONELSON'S, in this state, and the celebrated case of SPENCER, in New-Jersey, which resulted with success to his clients. In 1841 he was nominated for the Mayoralty by the Whig Convention, but declined. In 1842 he was appointed Counsel to the Corporation; and published the second American edition of SMITH'S Chancery Practice, (a work of great merit on the Chancery Practice of England,) with copious and valuable notes, adapting it to our courts. In 1844 he was associated with the late D. B. OGDEN in the defence of Bishop ONDERDONK, and made one of the ablest and most eloquent arguments in his behalf ever made before any tribunal. In 1846 he was appointed one of the Commissioners to revise and simplify the Practice of Pleadings of this state; and in 1849 he prepared the ordinances organizing the Municipal Departments of this city, under the new charter. Mr. GRAHAM'S health began to fail nearly two years ago, and for the last year he was wholly unable to pursue his professional avocations. At length, during the past winter, he was persuaded by some intimate friends to visit the south of Europe, in the hope that his disease might yield to the gentle influences of Italian skies and complete immunity from the cares and anxieties of daily life. The hopes that led to this resort were disappointed. Mr. GRAHAM hardly reached Italy before his brilliant and too brief earthly career was brought to a close. He died at Nice, among strangers, and his last look was on scenes unfamiliar to his closing eyes; but the admiration and love of ten thousand saddened hearts will long hold his virtues and talents in grateful remembrance.

ANOTHER 'LETTER FROM UP THE RIVER.'—Again we commend to our readers another of the pleasant letters of our 'up-river' correspondent, from whom they have heard in more ways, and more frequently, than they have any idea of. We are promised a continuance of the correspondence:

'Up the River, July 5th, 1852.

'This year, by a freak of the calendar, the glorious Fourth falls upon 'Sabbath,' and the large amount of patriotism in the country has to be bottled up until Monday morning. When this occurs, the clergy get the start of the prophets of the groves by a single day, and, wrapping themselves up in the American flag, supersede the legitimate 'orators of the day' by a little pulpit eloquence. Principles of '76, star-spangled banner, forefathers of the Revolution, blood-bought freedom, together with a liberal allowance of gunpowder-flashes, illuminate the track of sermons, while the Fourth-of-July Committee attentively listen, and the little Sunday-school boys sit underneath, their pockets already filled with Chinese crackers, which seem expressly made for the barbarians. Are the citizens of this free country going to be cheated out of their only holiday (Thanksgiving excepted) by the intervention of a Sunday? Certainly not! Toward sun-down a little of the effervescence begins to escape, and you hear the popping of occasional guns in the hands of young men of a defective piety, and stray sparks steal into a few Chinese packs. Before sunrise the banging and bell-ringing are incessant, and soon the demand on horse-flesh is unparalleled

with any day in the year. It is the festival of livery-stable keepers, and the blistering heat makes it the very purgatory of horses. Villages to whose turn it does not fall to 'celebrate' soon look as solemn as the grave, while the highways are thronged with both sexes going to the *fête*; and the display of white trousers and gay bonnets is immense. Were I in New-York, I should eschew the affectation of flying to the country to the imaginary pleasures of troublesome pic-nics, and would stand the disgusting racket of gunpowder-explosions for a sight of the 'sogers' and martial display, which fills me with ecstasy. But not having a fancy for the fussification made in small towns, I shall 'keep quiet,' and write a letter to my friend, the 'Old Knick,' no doubt at this moment in the shady retreats of Dobbs' Ferry, unsealing packets of the aforesaid diabolical crackers for the patriotic and juvenile young Knicks.

'Herein I may adventure perhaps a little advice. Though brimstone may be appropriate enough for one of your *cognomen*, for mercy's sake don't train up the young to be familiar with the smell. I was standing by the Park Fountain some few years ago, waiting for the fire-works in front of the City Hall to be let off, when a diminutive 'loafer' fired a heavily-loaded, hard-rammed pistol at my very ear. I thought I should have gone out of my skin: I was deaf, dumb, blind, nearly choked for the instant, and my next feeling was one of revenge. What was my satisfaction then to see an elderly clergyman, whose nerves had been alike shattered, single out the offending urchin, box his ears soundly, and though I was sorry to hear him swear, apply his foot with a hearty good-will to the juvenile rear! It did me more good than the 'Battle of Navarino.' If it were worth while, I could write an essay full of detestation for Chinese crackers. Yet if you say a word about them in this country, you are put down. I was on one Fourth-of-July evening sitting on a quiet piazza, afar from the noise and smoke of the day, as I thought, speaking of this very nuisance to a very staid and religious man of family. I said that there were some things connected with the observance of this day which ought to be repugnant to a Christian people. The reading of the Declaration of Independence, beside being a great bore, because nearly all were familiar with the document, was an unnecessary trumping up of old grievances, which ought to be forgotten. It was the rekindling of animosities with those toward whom we now entertained the sentiments of peace and good-will. And beside,' I said, for my Christian friend was an officer of the American Peace Society, 'indulging the young with pistols and gunpowder —'

"Oh, pal pal do let us have one pack more! We won't set fire to any thing, indeed we won't."

'The delegate of the Peace Convention thrust his arm into his coat-pocket, drew out a string of red crackers, flung them to the boy, and told him to fire them in the barrel. So the argument was ended.

'Since my last to you, some little progress has been made in house-keeping, gardening, and so forth. I have had my lawn shaved, and got a load of hay, so that I shall be ready for horses, or ready for asses. The first are more useful, the latter more amusing. I look forward with high aspiration to keeping a cow. A degree of comfort and satisfaction is involved in having one on your own premises. To notice her meek look as she stands in the barn-yard of a summer evening letting herself be milked, and chewing the cud;* the kneeling

* How much better than chewing the *quid*!

form of the dairy-maid by the side of the polished, brass-girt, maple pail; the hollow sound of the snowy cataract covered with bubbles and effervescence, and the squeezing out of the last rich drops! Occasionally she will be vicious, for some cows are undeniably born for condemnation; and I don't know in the course of my rustic observation a worse animal, and one more possessed by the devil, than an ill-disposed cow. She is stubborn, heady, high-minded, will have her own way, open gates with her tongue or her teeth or her horns, eat up your cabbages, and kick over the pail. Tie her by the horns to the fence and whip her well with a long stick: don't heave a paving-stone against her side. Vaccine matter alone should make us grateful to the whole herd. Above all things, never sacrifice your temper to crooked horns. Think of the satisfaction of sitting down at your tea-table, with your elegant hereditary silver milk-pot, (or if you have not silver, one of Britannia metal, like ours, will do on a pinch,) containing undiluted milk. (We have no pumps in this neighborhood.) Go into your deep-dug cellar, and look at those shallow dishes whereon the rich cream gathers, and oh! the golden butter, the cheeses, the streams of butter-milk, desiderated by pigs, the high enjoyment of the frozen pyramid on a sultry night! Can you tell me where I may obtain a good Devonshire cow?

'I told you of losing my canary, did I not? At any rate, I will furnish the particulars now. My friend LEMON, going out of town, gave me one by name DICKY, an accomplished singer. I walked round to ARCHIE GRIEVES's, in Barclay-street,* and bought a package of rape-seed; and that afternoon we bundled ourselves into the coach, with a deal of bother, for who likes to carry a cage on his lap? I got the troublesome trunks on board, took the carpet-bags and cage, and hung the latter on a hook under the deck of the steam-boat 'Armenia,' which was soon on her way to Newburgh. Got the bird ashore with much trouble, and after getting packed somehow or other into a crowded coach, held the bird again with much inconvenience. Let him out for an hour or so on Sunday morning, when he seemed much at home. Put him in again, and then placed the cage on the piazza. We have no cat. I do not keep a cat. I had not seen one near the premises. In less than ten minutes a nasty black-and-white one came creeping and skulking along the fence, while my back was turned, knocked over the cage, and let out the bird; and as I ran out, nothing could be seen but a glimpse of his yellow wing and the tip end of the tail of the retreating cat. I found EVELINA in tears, but for my own part have no tears in the socket for misfortunes of this kind. I have the cage still on hand. Don't you know where I could procure a good canary?

'To make up for the loss of our canary, we have a thousand swallows in the chimney, who keep up a continual twittering and chattering by night and by day. There is a round hole in the fire-place, through which a stove-pipe was wont to go. The other morning I found one of these birds sitting therein, dressing up his blue wings with his beak, and looking into the room most unconcernedly. It is a pleasure to see them every evening, glancing about with the rapidity of electric flashes, and diving down at last into the square-mouthed cavern, from which they are not at present in danger of being smoked out. They keep their

* ARCHIE's is the place to go to. It is a perfect museum of four-footed beasts and fowls of the air: dogs, of all descriptions, big and little; monkeys, foxes, rabbits, squirrels; all kinds of singing and other birds, including that *rara-avis*, a veritable black swan. We took 'YOUNG KNICK' there one morning, and 'by'r Lady' 'twas as much as we could do to entice him away. He wanted to 'see the monkeys more!'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

feathers in excellent order, and look as if they had been curried and rubbed down by ZEPHYR. We have a nest of wrens near by. This bird, who allows you to come near enough to put salt upon his tail, is very musical, singing constantly, but in short snatches immediately repeated, and not drawn out like the notes of a canary, which are sometimes enough to make you stop your ears with wax, and hold your breath. The other day, several birds in my enclosure, Sir ROBERT LINCOLN, ROBIN, etc., the whole conducted by Signor REDHEAD WOODPECKERINI, followed one another in a curious succession of notes which very closely resembled the well-known air in *Robert le Diable*:

‘TE-TUM — te tum-te tum — da-da-da-da.

‘TUM-ra, ra, ra, radadada-de.

‘Te RUM-ra ra,’ etc., etc.

‘At this season of the year a great many birdlings, with none too many feathers on their wings, in their first attempts to fly, fall on the grass and chirp long and loud, in answer to the call of the parent-bird, in consequence of which you easily take them. I yesterday caught a young robin, but he pecked my hand so severely that I flung him back into the lilac-bush, considering a bird which would act in that way as not worth a cage. Sitting in my quiet study in this valley, which is remarkably cool, (because the air perpetually draws through from the river like a funnel,) and the birds continue to sing as vivaciously as ever at mid-day, I was just thinking, as I listened to the wren, the boblink, and the cat-bird, of the superiority of nature to art. I have heard JENNY LIND when the ears of five thousand were literally fed on the most impalpable and attenuated notes of that divine voice, as the same number of people were once miraculously fed on a mere morsel of bread. What is LIND to LINNET?

‘THERE sings with glee, upon the tree
Before my chamber-door,
The sweetest bird I ever heard
In all my life before.

‘The trilling note which shakes his throat
Is rich, and ripe, and round;
Not JENNY’S voice has to our choice
More melody of sound.

‘In wood and dell, I know full well,
Where nightingales are heard,
She learned in part her blessed art
To imitate the bird.’

‘Perhaps you may wish to know my success in gardening. Never was the head of a neglected boy more *scratched* than my enclosures have been by my neighbors’ fowls. If I have worked an hour to put seeds in the ground, they regularly undo the work by scratching them all up, and then making sundry round holes to deposit their vermin-covered bodies in the cooling earth. Confound them! if I kept such a thing as a loaded gun I would scatter enough *down* over my garden to make a feather-bed. But I won’t do it, because I consider *peace* better than *peas*. These delinquent chickens are perfectly conscious of guilt. In a barn-yard, where they are legitimately scratching on a dung-hill, they let you approach within a foot; but in a garden, when they see you twenty yards off, they turn tail, put their heads down, and run as if they expected to be peppered with shot. Notwithstanding these provoking poachers, who have materially diminished my enthusiasm for the hoe and spade, I have managed to raise a few radishes. What more refreshing and delightful, especially in early spring, when sated and disgusted with grease and animal diet, than a tumbler

full of short-top, scarlet radishes, placed upon your tea-table, to be accompanied with sponge-like bread and grass-butter? How fresh, crisp, crackling, sparkling they are, as you take them out of water! How you do love to snap them in two like brittle glass, dip the ends in a little salt, and crack them to pieces in your feverish mouth! Such indulgence is a harmless epicurism, which the present state of sumptuary laws does not forbid. I do hope that radishes may be spared, although I foresee that the days of *salad* are numbered, because lettuce contains opium, as is well known. On Sunday last we enjoyed a simple and delicious dinner, which did not keep the cook from church, and did not take half an hour in preparation. I cannot say that I regret to say, that it was neither the triumph of my own garden, nor of my own larder; but what is pleasanter, it was the proof of neighborly kindness: a mess of Windsor beans, and of juvenile peas, with a head of lettuce of the very tenderest and most crackling description, dressed according to the recipe of SYDNEY SMITH, accompanied with a ruddy slice of broiled ham, and some new potatoes. For these, and all His other benefits, God's holy name be praised.'

POSTSCRIPT: JULY 14. — In my last, in the course of some desultory remarks upon fowls, I stated my wishes with regard to a Shanghai hen, not supposing that many of that breed cackled on this side of the Himalaya Mountains. This day, at the hour of three, while dining very frugally on some marrowfat peas, young beans, a salad, and a few slices of bacon, while at the same time the refreshing rain was falling upon the parched earth, and the fogs drifted over the mountains, I observed a carriage at the gate. Presently there was deposited a basket well covered with canvas; and on peeping in, I discovered a cock and hen of the Shanghai breed! A polite missive accompanied the same, and on the card which contained the donor's name was written in pencil, 'BEHOLD THE SHANGHAIS!' This was the considerate gift of a gentleman who has a charming seat near the banks of the Hudson river, to me at present a perfect stranger. I put the fowls in the corn-crib, and they have kept up the most prodigious cackling, drumming of the wings, and crowing, ever since. The Shanghaeis crow very *strong*. I am now going into the business of raising fowls in earnest, and will bring you a basket of eggs when I come again. The oysters which I promised you when I lived on the water-side, I could not well send, because when I had them ready, a party of friends arrived, and we ate them up.

'SUN-DOWN. — The neighbors have been over to look at the fowls.'

HENRY CLAY IS DEAD!

THE above sentence, brief as it is, is in itself, at this moment, the national symbol of a nation's sorrow. It expresses all that the booming of minute-guns; the funeral processions, slow moving through towns and cities clad in solemn gloom; and eloquent orations—it expresses *all*. The simple record is itself an eulogy upon the consummate orator, the renowned statesman, the noble patriot, the whole-hearted American, who has 'gone hence, and will be no more seen.' May his example and his memory sink deep into the hearts of his countrymen!



SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS. — Sitting solitary and alone the other evening in the sanctum, with no sound to illustrate the silence, save the faint stir of the night-wind among the leaves of the Alantus and Linden-trees before the open windows; sitting thus, and thinking of 'diverse things fore-done,' and also of the future, there came suddenly from underneath the table on which we do our scribbling, three distinct noises: *rap! rap! rap!* We started up, and took a hasty glance beneath; fancying that belike 'Young KNICK.' or little JOSE. had quietly hidden there, to startle us into a sudden jump, for their amusement. But there was nothing to be seen; and all again was still. Just at that moment, '*Tu-whit! tu-whit! tu-who-o-o!*' echoed

through the apartment. We looked around; and from the branching antlers of a 'stag of ten tines' peered down upon us THE OWL, with eyes of a preternatural brightness. Slowly he raised his wings, closed them again, winked deliberately once, and then, opening his bill, said, drily:

'The *Rap-scallions!*'

'The thing was out!' We had been reading the '*Spiritual Telegraph*,' and there was a 'medium' somewhere about the house. We gave full 'head' to the gas, and left the sanctum to scrutinize other adjacent apartments; but there was no clue to the 'mysterious rappings;' only upon our return, there lay on the table before us, in a fair and transparent 'hand-of-write,' the subjoined celestial communication, which we give *verbatim*:

At a convention of Spirits held in Third Circle, No. 9999 Dome *Bolak*, Upper Department, on the Fifty-third *Chiliad*, BENJ. FRANKLIN was called to the chair, and JOHN HANCOCK appointed Secretary.

The meeting was very fully attended. The Patriarch ABRAHAM declined to come, owing to great distance, being many billions of miles off, and it would cost him a couple of hours in the transit; which, owing to pressing business, he could not spare. Mr. WILBERFORCE also declined, from the peculiarity of his position, being in ABRAHAM's bosom.

BENJ. FRANKLIN briefly addressed the meeting, which was very fully attended.

GEORGE WASHINGTON came from the planet Washington, which has never yet come within range of earthly glasses; but it probably will. NAPOLEON BONA-PARTE was present from the planet Mars. A number of the literati were on hand 'on mighty pens:' HAFIZ from Jupiter, ANACREON from Venus, and EDGAR A. POE from the Milky Way. The latter gentleman, as usual, was a little 'tight' on fifth-proof ambrosia, as was facetiously remarked, and tumbled out of the eight hundredth story window in a swoon; when he was picked up by the watchman, kept all night, and sent back to the Milky Way next day. He was very disorderly; in fact, his habits only fit him for the outskirts of creation, where he now is.

BENJ. FRANKLIN, in his peculiarly succinct way, (after the disturbance occasioned by Mr. Poe's departure had subsided,) stated the object of the meeting. He

declared that while he was upon the earth, it was a maxim of his, or one which he had adopted, that 'honesty is the best policy.' Owe no man any thing. Do not be cheated in turn. With respect to the present distinguished attendants, they had left their bones on the earth, which had kindly purified them with their sinews and integuments. The places of their sepulture were pure. The flowers of the field grew over them. Their reputations acquired on earth they left in the hands of men. Beatified as they at present were, it was enough to make their bones rise out of the grave, and their spirits, which, although sublimated, had a regard for their earthly fame, to have them both ransacked and violated, and abused.

'Every respectable spirit,' said Mr. FRANKLIN, 'adapts himself to the sphere in which he is. When he is on the other side of Jordan, he attends to the duties which bind him to the earth: when he is on this, he does not recur to that bourne to which no reasonable traveller desires ever to return. Since we came here, strange things have come to pass in the lost planet, which we all know, gentlemen, is composed of the grossest and most material dirt. (*Applause.*) The spells of those who mutter, poor imbecile witches, magicians, *et id omne genus*, had for a long time been dispelled, and the explosion of the Salem witchcraft had put an end to the same.'

COTTON MATHER (*without rising from his seat*). 'Good! — good!'

BENJ. FRANKLIN. 'In our own day on the earth, and it was an era of considerable importance, gentlemen, (*long and continued applause*,) we thought that the folly of magnetism and metallic tractors, for any practical purpose, had been exposed to the satisfaction of sensible men.'

LA PLACE. 'Undoubtedly.'

'Nevertheless the old humbug is revived, and the DEVIL and all his angels are at work to destroy the living, and to defame the dead. (*Tremendous rappings under foot.*) That sublimated spirits *can* go back to earth, any fool knows. But for what purpose to the sons of men?'

DEPARTED MISSIONARY. 'If they believe not MOSES and the PROPHETS, neither will they believe though one rise from the dead.'

DR. JOHNSON. 'That is true.'

BOSWELL. 'That is true.'

DR. JOHNSON. 'I used to desire for more light and knowledge, and now wonder at my weakness.'

BOSWELL. 'The same with me.'

BENJ. FRANKLIN. 'The Doctor will allow me to proceed. I say that no elevated spirits would so demean themselves as to descend to hob-nob with a set of fellows on the earth whom they would not associate with while living.'

APOSTLE PAUL. 'And who, the more spiritual they pretend to be, the more gross and earthly they become.'

BENJ. FRANKLIN. 'To come to the point, gentlemen, our signatures have been forged to a piece of writing.'

(BENJ. FRANKLIN *here held up a copy of the 'Spiritual Telegraph,' with a fac-simile of the signatures of those present.* JOHN Q. ADAMS *smiled benignantly when he looked at his, and said that his 'hand used to tremble in that manner during his old age in the flesh, but that in his present immortal youth he wrote a good stout hand.'* JOHN HANCOCK *said that they had done full justice to him.* The members of the Convention declared that the signatures in general were remarkably correct, and calculated to deceive.)

BENJ. FRANKLIN. 'Our time is valuable. I have an engagement in Mercury to-night. I hold in my hand a set of resolutions.' He here unfolded a shining, transparent parchment-sheet, like gold-beaters' skin in a balloon, seen against the declining sun, inscribed with characters of light, from which he read:

'RESOLVED: That I, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, and others, have had no hand in this piece of writing, but that it has been manufactured out of whole cloth by evil spirits convicted of forgery on the earth, and who still carry on their nefarious practices.

'RESOLVED: That we are perfectly satisfied with our present condition, and have no desire to return to earth.'

'RESOLVED: That brother SANDS be an angelic minister, to carry these resolutions to the earth, to be there imprinted in the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, to warn our fellow-men against a set of vagabond spirits, who still hover about the swamps of the earth, by which their wings are too saturated with damp to enable them to rise; and that we defy the DEVIL and all hisimps.'

These resolutions were unanimously carried; and it was then

'RESOLVED: That we adjourn.'

As the meeting rose to retire, a tremendous rapping was heard on every hand, and the DEVIL, standing in the midst, put his thumb to his nose, and described the whole circumference of the heavens with his fingers' ends.

OUR OBITUARY LITERATURE. — They have a practice, in some of our sister cities, Baltimore and Philadelphia especially, of publishing long 'strings' of elegiac doggerel, at the end of almost every announcement of juvenile deaths; and these are very often repeated, *ad nauseam*. We have already given some examples of these, and here are two brief extracts from two more. The one is from a tribute to a child, the other to a father:

'DEAREST JOHNNY, thou hast left us,
We thy loss most deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.'

'YET round his grave the birds will chant
My father's praises who there reposes;
For every spring I'll come and plant
Around his grave the most delicious roses!'

The friend who sends us these waifs from the sea of obituary literature observes: 'Should not this matter be reformed altogether? I know that grief is expressed in various forms; that the waters of sorrow do not always flow through the same channels; but ought not the common sense of mankind rebuke funereal antics calculated to awaken laughter instead of exciting tears? Has any member of the human family the right, and if so, should he be permitted to exercise it, without the remonstrance of others, to bury a relative with a cigar in his mouth, for instance, or an old pipe?—or engrave on his tomb-stone what could not fail to make a reader hilarious? I do not advocate the investment of death with unnecessary, hopeless, lingering grief. I like to see the sun and the shade blended together on the new-made grave. And if all 'afflicted relatives' were MILTONS, or could command the services of MILTONS, and pour out their griefs in LYCIDAS-like monodies, it were well enough; but I object to such rhymed sorrow as that I send you. I desire to see death and doggerel divorced at once. Will not you raise up a remonstrating voice for my sake against this 'crying evil,' which makes me laugh? By-the-by, speaking of the various forms in which grief is manifested, reminds me of something I heard a day or two ago. A servant-girl was talking of the loss her sister had recently sustained in the death of a devoted husband. 'Poor MARY!' said she, 'though GEORGE has been dead near six months, yet she *grits her teeth* (!) *even now* whenever she thinks of him!'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — In a late number we mentioned the existence of a manuscript collection of literary or cognate papers, read each month before a metropolitan club, embracing a large number of our most eminent and gifted citizens; including prominent members of all the learned professions, authors, painters, sculptors, editors, etc., with men of intellectual mark and standing in the higher walks of commercial and mercantile life. Hereafter, under the separate and distinct title of

'The Century Papers,'

we shall present a choice selection from these communications, which will be found to be not only very various, but attractive in no ordinary degree. Some idea may be formed of the character of these papers, from the specimens already given in these pages: 'The Battle of Bunker-Hill,' by RICHARD HAYWARDE, the letters from DICKENS and CARLYLE, etc., to say nothing of the two ensuing brief extracts, in prose and in verse, from a recent 'issuo.' Our readers will seldom find in '*The Century Papers*' any thing that will not richly reward perusal. But pass we to our present extracts:

'An old friend and correspondent writes us: 'The enclosed little legend, which I have translated from the Spanish, may be of service, as it reflects some light upon the modern school of art we sometimes meet with out of Cordova. No personality is intended; but should any one chance to think himself aggrieved, I will give the name of the author with a great deal of pleasure. It was written two hundred years ago:

'THE LAY-FIGURE.'

'In the ancient city of Cordova, in one of its narrowest streets, (the Calle de San Pedro,) there formerly lived an aged artist, by name DON DIEGO GONZALES. The two things he most prized in the world were his daughter and a lay-figure, the latter being at that time the only one in the city. And sooth to say, his passion for his lay-figure was such that it was produced in all his pictures, which made them to be sought after as those of an original and unique school, different from any thing in nature; in fact, so much enamored was he of this thing of wood, canvas, and sawdust, that he scarcely thought of his daughter, whose eyes were like brown garnets, her waist like the stalk of a lily, and her lips like the cleft in a rose with the early dew on it. Truly the fable of PYGMALION was revived in Calle de San Pedro, in the ancient city of Cordova.

'Not far from this studio there lived a young painter, who had often seen the beautiful ISADORA, (for such was the name of DON DIEGO's daughter,) as she went to mass and confession, and oftentimes he had sought in vain to pierce through the gloom of her lattice with his eyes, or meet her in his visits to the old man. But all his efforts ended in disappointment, until, by dint of laying siege in regular form, that is, by sonnets and sighs, accompanied by cat-gut and wire, he succeeded in ensnaring the bird; I mean, he gained her heart completely. The old man took no notice of these tender affairs, so much occupied was he with his lay-figure. But for all that, DON JUAN DE SIEMPREVIVA knew very well there was no hope of obtaining DON DIEGO's consent, the old man's experience with artists being such that I verily believe he would almost have burnt his beloved lay-figure before he would have given his daughter to the best of that profession in Cordova. Knowing, however, that kindness of heart was a prominent trait in DON DIEGO's character, DON JUAN laid a plan to gain his ends. It was, to get the loan of the lay-figure; and by dint of perseverance, not unmingled with flattery, he succeeded. Now, as it was the custom of DON DIEGO after breakfast and prayers to sit in his studio absorbed in his work until siesta, and as most of the time the head of the lay-figure was covered by a cloth to keep it from the flies, it was agreed, that ISADORA should adopt the dress of the figure, cover her head with the cloth, take its place some morning, and thus be carried off by four stout porters to the lodgings of DON JUAN, where, the priest and all things being ready, the knot could be tied, and a trip to Madrid, followed

by penitence and forgiveness, would make a very pretty little romantic affair, without doing harm to any body.

'The expected morning came at last, and you may be sure Don JUAN waited with some impatience for his prize. At last the porters entered, bearing it upon a narrow platform, and as soon as their backs were turned, he drew with impatience the cloth from the face, and beheld not the beautiful ISADORA, but the waxen features of the *lay-figure*! ISADORA not being able to effect the change in time, the lay-figure was borne away, and I assure you the old man could not have vented more lamentable groans had it been in reality the body of his own daughter.

'Now, surprising as it may seem, soon after, Don JUAN became as much enamored of the lay-figure as Don DIEGO had been. It was the subject of all his studies, and the ideal that found a place in all his productions, so that the connoisseurs of Cordova were puzzled with every new picture, some pronouncing it to be a genuine GONZALES, while others as stoutly maintained it to be a SIEMPREVIVA. In the meanwhile the beautiful ISADORA, utterly neglected, pined alone within her chamber, without so much as a word or look from the faithless Don JUAN. And the end of it was, there arose a deadly hatred between the two artists concerning the lay-figure; and there was a hostile meeting in the Paseo, outside the walls, in which Don DIEGO was killed; and soon after, Don JUAN being apprehended and executed, the beautiful ISADORA died of grief. Her tomb is in the burial-place behind the great cathedral, with this inscription:

'JOVEN. Bella, de todas adorada.
Dejo la tierra por mejor morada.'

But the lay-figure still remains; and to this day you can find copies of it in all the pictures of Cordova.'

THE SEASONS.

'AROUND, around, around, around,
The snow is on the frozen ground;
River and rill
Are froze and still;
The warm sun lies on the cold side-hill,
And the trees in the forest sound,
As their ice-clasped arms wave to and fro
When they shiver their gyves with a stalwart blow.

'Slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly
Comes the Spring,
Like a maiden holy;
Her blue eyes hid in a wimple of gray,
But a hopeful smile in her face alway:
Through the rich brown earth bursts the pale-green shoot
From the milk-white threads of the sensitive root,
Like a joy that is fragile and fleeting;
And the little house-wren in his plain drab coat
Holds forth, in a plaintive, querulous note,
Like a Quaker at yearly meeting.

'Of Autumn, gorgeous, sombre, and sere,
I shall probably write at the close of the year,
But at present the jubilant Summer is here;
All in love, with her half-bursting boddice of green,
Just disclosing that RASSETAS valley between,
And her farthingale puffed all over
With violets, strawberries, lilies, and tulips,
Intermingled with mint-sprigs, suggestive of juleps,
And suggestive of living in clover;
Of a lid-shutting breeze in the shade of the trees;
Of love in a cottage, and lamb and green peas;
Of claret and ice, chicken-curry and rice,
And lobster and lettuce, and every thing nice;
Of fresh milk, and a baby,
And butter and cheese,
And a thousand affinitive blessings like these.

'The Summer, joy-bringer! is warm on my cheek;
It blooms in the blossom, it breathes in the rose;
And if nothing occurs, in the course of a week,
I shall be where the pond-lily blows:
Where the wild-rose and willow are glassed in the pool,
Where the mornings and evenings are fragrant and cool;
Where the breeze from old ocean sweeps over the bay,
And the board is six shillings a day!'

IN 1796, the author of the pamphlets entitled '*Common Sense*' thus wrote in one of his letters to the immortal WASHINGTON. And well might that great and good man commend the patriotic fervor of the writer's stirring essays, as 'a powerful agent in effecting and sustaining our infant liberties:'. 'A thousand years hence America may be what England now is. The innocence of her character, that won the hearts of all nations in her favor, may sound like a romance, and her inimitable virtue as if it had never been. The ruins of that liberty, which thousands bled to obtain, may furnish materials for a village tale, or extort a sigh from rustic sensibility; while the fashionables of that day, enveloped in luxury and dissipation, shall deride the principle and deny the fact. When we contemplate the fall of empires, and the extinction of the nations of the ancient world, we see but little more to excite our regret than the mouldering ruins of pompous palaces, magnificent monuments, lofty pyramids, and walls and towers of the most costly workmanship. But when the empire of AMERICA shall fall, the subject for contemplative sorrow will be infinitely greater than crumbling brass or marble can inspire. It will not then be said, 'Here stood a temple of vast antiquity—here rose a Babel of invisible height, or there a palace of sumptuous extravagance;' but here—ah, painful thought!—the noblest work of human wisdom, the grandest scene of human glory, the fair cause of FREEDOM, rose and fell!' The heart of the man who wrote this passage was full, and tears, born of true patriotism, bedewed his eyes. - - - At a church-meeting in Connecticut, for the purpose of filling a vacant deaconship, some diversity of opinion, strange to say, appeared to exist among the brethren as to who should fill that very pecuniarily profitable office. After a deal of talk, and no progress, brother B—, an honest, straight-forward farmer, having in mind the Democratic Convention, probably, thought that a third man might 'unite the party,' and made up his mind to propose the thing, although he had never made the attempt to speak in public. Rising with caution and hesitation, he delivered himself 'to the point' thus: 'Gentlemen, I am not used to public speaking, but in my opinion, DAN BAXTER would make *an all-fired good deacon!*' It is superfluous to say that 'DAN BAXTER' was 'elected.' - - - A CORRESPONDENT sends us from Albany the subjoined touching incident: 'Although we are unacquainted, I cannot well resist communicating the following circumstance to you. Mr. S—, whose residence is next to mine, had a son six years of age last winter; and we, a daughter of the same age. So fond were the children of each other's society that the commands of the parents were all that prevented them from being in each other's company both night and day. About a month since the boy was attacked with the scarlet-fever, and soon after died. The next day I took our 'FANNY'—who mourned, and mourned deeply, her loss—to see the remains of her former play-mate. I think I never saw mental agony so strongly depicted in one so young; until, after gazing perhaps a minute at the remains, she turned calmly to Mrs. S—, and with a tremulous voice asked her if she might 'pray for poor WILLIE;' but without waiting for an answer, she kneeled beside a chair, and, with clasped hands and face turned heavenward, recited audibly the LORD'S PRAYER. There were about a dozen persons present, but not one with unmoistened eyes. Friend CLARK, that child is *loved*; but with all the love her parents bear her, I cannot believe she is loved on earth as she is loved in heaven.' May good angels watch over her! - - - NEXT to wiling from the wimpling brook

'THE lightly-jumpin', glowerin' trouts,
That through the waters play,'

commend us to *Trolling for Pickerel*. You should have seen 'the pair of us,' two as happy fellows as breathed that day, set off in the cool of the morning from 'Sh'nang Pint' for 'Quaker Lake,' or 'Derwent Water.' We were 'fresh and vigorous with rest, and animated with hope.' Also, we had good store of simple potables and edibles; and our road gave us at first the loveliest backward views of the valleys of the Susquehanna and the Chenango, and the large and beautiful village of Binghamton nestled in the 'Happy Valley' where the betrothed join their waters, and flow on lovingly to the sea. Anon we were in the midst of pleasant forest-odors, screened from the sun by tall pines rising two hundred feet above our heads, their 'shaggy tops fretted by the winds of heaven.' Presently we reached the little lake, distant some nine miles, and, with an oarsman to row us, commenced business on our own 'hooks.' As our line went out, say some three hundred feet, and the 'spoon' began to swim slowly through the water, there was a 'strike,' which thrilled to the end of the line like an electric shock. It was a two-pound pickerel, as ravenous as a shark. And thus we went coasting around the lovely little lake, occasionally chaunting, in a low voice, that affecting ballad, commencing:

'All round my hat
I wears a green willow,
All round my hat,
For a twel'month and a day;
And if any body axes me
The reason vy I v-e-a-rs it,
I tells 'em 't's for my true-love
That's fur, fur away!'

or 'talking and laughing and telling stories,' until the day was well-nigh spent, and the night was at hand. Fifteen stout pickerel dangled from a birch twig when we departed thence, the result of some two hours' sport. Very memorable, O 'KING!' will be that pleasant day in the annals of 'Old' as well as 'Young KNICK.' Want some more such! - - - We have heard of the term 'bluffing off,' but we remember no better instance of it than was mentioned to us a few moments ago in the sanetum. A would-be 'blood,' whose confidence in his horse *seemed* unlimited, was offered, successively, several wagers against other animals, standing at the door of an out-of-town resort, all of which he at once accepted, but from each of which he gradually 'backed out,' on some pretence or other. At length a by-stander said to him: 'Come, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll bet you ten dollars that that pig,' pointing to a frisky little porker in the road, 'will beat your horse two rods in going a mile!' 'Done!' said the other, taking out his porte-monnaie; but as he was fingering his bank-notes, he seemed to hesitate; and turning to a friend, he said: 'I don't *know* about taking that bet, after all: there's no knowing what the d——d pig *might* do!' The last time our informant saw this courageous 'backer of his opinions,' he was endeavoring to 'get a bet' on the approaching Presidential election, but 'aperiently' with very little success. - - - PHILOSOPHERS tell us that the motion of the earth is equal to seventeen miles in a second; so that if you take off your hat to a friend in Broadway, you go seventeen miles bare-headed, without catching cold! 'Curious, is n't it?' Some how or other, this odd thought came into our mind, while riding bare-headed on the locomotive with Engineer BOLLES between Binghamton and Owego. Good gracious! how we did 'z-i-p!' Seven miles, at one time, in less than seven minutes; and, as the hackman told one of the TUGS at Ramsgate, 'surrounding objects rendered invisibile by the hextreame welocity.' We know what it is, now, to be killed on a rail-road, to all necessary 'intent and purposes;' for look you, when we were going, as on the very wings of the

wind, some twenty Irishmen, working on the track, a mile or so ahead, seeing us coming like lightning, scrambled down the bank, leaving a big stick of wood lying directly across the rail! We beheld it with gradually-distending eyes, knowing full well that if it were not removed, our 'time had come!' The backward thoughts of a life-time were crowded into that moment! But a finger was providentially pointed to the timber; a hand was stretched out toward it; and as we thundered by, the group of laborers flitted into the backward distance, with our preserver standing alone by the track, holding the stick of wood by his side. Save us from such a 'living death' again! - - - THOMAS OWEN, Esq., the entomological NIMRON, who once drew a 'Bee-line' straight to the goal of literary popularity, gave us in the sanctum the other night the following illustration of the coolness of your true Yankee, under all circumstances: As one division of General Scorr's column was passing leisurely along in some portion of Mexico, during the late war, there came down, just at twilight, from a convent that crowned a neighboring height, a procession of cowed monks, the leader upholding in his hands a contribution-box, on which stood a lighted lamp. As the column defiled by, many soldiers dropped small coins into the aperture provided for that purpose. One man, who seemed searching for some larger testimonial of his pious regard, fumbled in his pocket, and at length drew out what looked to be a roll of bank-notes; opened it; took from it a — paper of chewing tobacco; filled a short, rusty pipe, lighted it by the sacred lamp, and with 'Much obleeged to yeön, Square!' passed on. 'It took just a Yankee,' said Mr. OWEN, 'to do such a thing in a Catholic country.' - - - WE came across the following beautiful lines, the other day, in an album of a lady at Binghamton. They were prefaced by the annexed remarks of the modest, self-doubting author: 'From a torn leaf of my memory, I have transcribed the first two of the succeeding verses. Their application is just; and I have ventured to inscribe them to you, as a feeble tribute of friendship. I hope you will not deem them less expressive of my sentiments for not being original.' We incline strongly to the belief that *all* the stanzas are 'original.' It was only the sentiment that informs them, which the writer had 'got by heart,' and quoted as from *memory*:

'THERE needs not that lip, though sweet music be in it,
To tell me thy bosom is gentleness' shrine;
For I saw all thy soul the very first minute
I met the soft light of that blue eye of thine.

'I praise not thy cheek, though in beauty not wanting,
I praise not thy brow, though thy ringlets be there;
'Tis the grace of the *heart* renders *thee* so enchanting,
And makes me forget that thy form is so fair.

'When years have rolled by, like waves on the ocean,
And the book of remembrance is open to me,
Fond mem'ry shall read, with delightful emotion,
The bright page in the volume that telleth of thee.'

For a paragraph penned in the 'melting mood,' during such weather as we 'in populous city pent' know well how to appreciate, we consider the annexed, from the 'Springfield (Mass.) Republican,' most alliteratively felicitous: 'Yesterday was *hot*. Fat women felt fussy, and fanned furiously. Lean women leaned languidly on lounges, or lolled lazily like lilies on a lake. Shabby, slipshod sisters sat silently and sadly sweating in the shade, while soiled and sozzling shirt-collars, and sticky shirts, stuck to such sap-heads as stirred in the sun. Babies bawled busily, and bit bobbins and bodkins till bed-time. Literary gentlemen who undertook a severe task of alliteration became exhausted in the

middle of a weather-paragraph, and gave it up for a cooler day. Yesterday was hot!' Our eastern neighbor should have had our public-spirited GENIN in his flourishing town. Then would the face of every glowing pedestrian have been cooled by a fan, given to them by one who, whatever he does for himself, never fails, at the same time, to do good to others. And rightly pondered, there is a valuable lesson in this. - - - If it so chance that you journey westward, by the New-York and Erie rail, (stopping mayhap at 'Sir CLIFTON's' Lewis-House, Binghamton, on the way, where is much elegance, comfort, and the true 'welcome of an inn,') tarry for a night at the lovely village of Owego, if it be only to see the perfection of a hotel, in the '*Ah-wa-ga House*,' kept by Mr. CHASE, and even his 'better-half,' (professionally speaking,) the landlady. We have been no farther on this route than Owego; and what the houses, of which we hear so much in praise, may be, at Elmira, Corning, etc., (although we should be willing to 'swear by' PIKE and DENNIS,) we know nothing personally; but it seems impossible that there should be a better house, out of New-York, than the '*Ah-wa-ga*.' It was built by a company, without stint as to cost; is very large, and most admirably arranged, in every respect; with halls of palatial dimensions, and rooms high, airy, and spacious, with *suites* of parlors and bed-rooms for families, etc., and sleeping apartments that could not, or at least need not, be surpassed. The table reminded us, in its variety and abundance, of SHERRILL's at Lake George. The hotel is an honor to the enterprise and good taste of the town which it ornaments; nor can we doubt that its patronage will be commensurate with its high deserts. - - - 'I WANT to engage you to mow for me this haying,' writes a friend from one of our interior counties. 'Remember now,' he adds, 'that I have spoken first: so consider yourself engaged. Wages, you know, are no object. I'll furnish scythe and whet-stone: lunch twice a-day.' This proposition is quite too indefinite. Mowing (like wrestling) is *an art*, only to be acquired by careful study of its principles, and the practice of the same; neither of which the citizens of Syracuse or of Tarrytown—so far as our experience goes—properly understand. To ask an 'artist' to come and mow upon undefined terms is ridiculous. - - - A FEW rough sheets from a work now nearly out of the press of the Messrs. APPLETON, entitled '*Up-Country Letters*,' enable us to predict that our readers have a very pleasant treat in store for them. So far as we have perused these letters, they have most favorably impressed us, by their simplicity, faithfulness of external description, and their very discriminating and well-contrasted daguerreotypes of character. Moreover, there are in them touches of tender pathos, and scenes of quiet humor, the first the offspring of true, deep feeling, and the second the result of the way in which the writer 'looks at things,' which to our fancy make them especially attractive. Pending a more extended notice of the work when it shall have appeared, we present one or two passages, which will indicate, in some degree, the pleasant characteristics of the author. '*A Country Sunday*' contains this graphic picture of the 'father' of 'Pundison-House,' on the morning of 'Holy Day:'

'EARLY in the morning every one has put on the distinguishing look of Sunday; a look which has great variations. In my father's face it is severe and inflexible. Having shaved on Saturday, he appears by no means later this morning than his usual hour, and always in a ruffle-shirt, white cravat, and a shirt-collar so high and firm, that to look on either side he is obliged to turn himself carefully around to that quarter. As my father seldom removes his hat, he changes his old one on Sundays when he feels quite well, for one that is comparatively fresh and new, but worn however with entire ease.

'Having breakfasted by candle-light, the day begins early with him. By eight o'clock he is seated in his big chair before his comfortable fire, reading the 'New-York Observer.' But SCOTT's Commentaries is usually seen on the sofa—the old folio loose sheets which have never been bound; and DWIGHT's Sermons, with perhaps the Life of NEWTON.

'I have said that his look is severe, but it is only so in the presence of others. It is as much as to say, 'Do you know, Sir, that this is the Sabbath? Let me hear no idle talk, but reflect, Sir, that you are in the presence of the King of kings.'

'But when the house is all still and deserted, and he is left alone with his Bible and his far-travelling thoughts—the dogs perhaps stretched at his feet, and no sound any where but the picking of a mouse in the cupboard, or the creak of a door in some distant and silent chamber; then it is, in his unconscious moments, there is to be seen upon his face a sunny look of peace and calmness, and lordly hope, which takes at least twenty years from his life. Disturb him not then, for he is looking over into that land where he must shortly go. He is communing with the happy dead. From his earliest years, his companions have been going away one by one, till now he has passed his threescore and ten and is left alone, while they have been silently gathered into the kingdom of Christ. All the years, as they roll by, pause upon that shore; all the kind wishes, all the prayers, all the aspirations of a long life, they have gone on to that blessed land. Ah, Sir, it is not sleep which keeps him so still and calm, but a true vision of the life to come!'

There is a wide scope of thought in the subjoined passage from '*The Late Morning*,' which finds the writer in bed, but, as Sir WALTER SCOTT says, 'letting his thoughts simmer' to some purpose, nevertheless:

'Was I dreaming this morning, or am I dreaming now? So still is it, and my brain so light from fasting, thought floats away and leads me captive. My will goes from me, and I am as a man in some enchanted land. Is it more life now, I ask myself, than it was last night, in among those steep dream-mountains, and by that strange waterfall?

'It is well that not all the world are so idle. Doubtless, all this day throughout the wide land, (and to roll on all through the long night,) the iron trains have been glancing over valleys, and around and through mountain-spurs, stopping for a moment here and there, and then pushing on again with their hundreds and five hundreds of men and women, all bound for some where, and up for the day. Up and down the streets of the great cities, has pressed on, and still presses on, the crowd; busy, busy, and for ever busy: not dozing in still chambers, but up for the day. Out on the deep, the sailor-boy has been aloft, walking upon the broad arms of the ship, and plunging in the foam; and all over the land, people have been up and about, threshing out something, whether in golden dreams or the golden wheat. High in the arctic seas, ships are riding in the ice-fields, with the pale sun glimmering every where upon the white expanse; and afar away in the western wilds, here and there among the jagged mountains, small companies of haggard men and women, half crazed, half starved, but still with bright dreams of a home over the mountains, are struggling on to the land of gold: and so crazed are they with this brilliant to-morrow, they would hardly exchange with me for my warm rooms and my up-country repose.

'The night comes. Slowly, slowly, over all: the rail-car and the steamer, the hurrying citizen and the sailor-boy aloft, the ice-bound ship and the starving emigrant—slowly, slowly, comes the night. Mother of all beautiful imaginings, home of all fantasies, weaver of things brighter than all precious stones; welcome, welcome the night!'

Speaking of correspondents and letter-writing, the author says, in another place, in an epistle to his friend: 'We have a few friends here and there, in this world and the old, who are in the habit of sending us an occasional 'Good morning.' Once in six months or so, we look about to see if any are missing, sending out the usual inquiry, and if we get an 'All's well,' we make but little pause, and plunge on in the great stream of life. By and by, as we look about us, one and another are gone. There comes no reply; but a few lines from a friend of our friend will tell us that he has finished his correspondence here: his hand is palsied: it is dust!' - - - The following 'sell,' as we gather from a correspondent, was effected about the time of the passing of the Maine Liquor Law in Massachusetts: Two young gentlemen, their joint finances reduced to precisely six cents, proposed a glass of ale each. For the sake of appearance, 'Tom proposed that 'CHARLIE' should take all the money, and invite him to drink. CHARLIE was delighted with the honor. At the first 'saloon' they came to, CHARLIE walked in, followed by Tom; nodded to the bar-tender, and asked Tom 'what he'd have to drink.' 'I'll take a brandy-smash,' (price sixpence, 'York currency,) said Tom. 'Yes, Sir,' said the bar-tender. 'And what will you take, Sir?' addressing CHARLIE. 'I guess I won't drink *any thing*,' said he, as he caught the twinkle of Tom's eye over the edge of the tumbler, and slowly pulled out the six cents. 'CHARLIE has n't asked Tom to drink since!' - - - 'Have you ever been across to Paris?' asks 'THE GIRSEY' of the Editor hereof; to which we reply, 'No.' 'I have,' he continues; 'and one day I entered a restaurant on the *other* side of the Seine, and ordered a rabbit. I was green; verdant

as the first cucumber — even as early peas — or I should not have done thus. The rabbit came, and I offered the 'Moniteur' to an old Frenchman opposite, whose eyes were fixed upon my 'plat,' but he bowed a negative. The bow puzzled me. All French bows are polite, but this was more — it was *compassionate*. I stuck my fork into the quadruped before me. It was too much. 'Monsieur has not been long in Paris?' 'No: I have just arrived.' 'Monsieur is going to eat *that*?' 'Yes: may I offer you a slice?' (*A frightful grimace.*) 'Monsieur will allow me to make a small observation?' 'Certainly:' (*a little alarmed.*) 'Monsieur, (*gravely,*) 'That rabbit *once mewed*!' (*Fugiant omnes!*) - - - 'Will you allow me,' writes an anonymous friend, 'to answer a 'TOWN-CORRESPONDENT'S' queries in your last number? The beautiful stanza,

'HERE in the body pent,
Absent from heaven, I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home,'

is by JAMES MONTGOMERY. It is incorporated in the 'Methodist Hymns,' revised edition, 1849, page 563. I enclose a copy of the hymn from which it is taken :

'AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

'FOR EVER with the LORD!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

'Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

'For ever with the LORD!
FATHER, if 't is thy will,

The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

'So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

'Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
For ever with the LORD!

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever'

is the *opening* line of 'Endymion,' a poem generally attributed to one JOHN KEATS. I marvel at your town-correspondent's not finding it, as he says he '*searched*.' But I am glad to be able to quiet his mind.' Of course, our correspondent *didn't* 'search;' his only object being to save himself labor, at the expense of a hard-working Editor or his correspondents. We've opened and read fifty letters to gratify his indolence.

'GREAT poets never die: their words are seeds
Which, sheltered in the hearts of men, take root,
And grow and flourish into high-souled deeds,
The world's sustaining fruit.'

These fine lines form the opening stanza of a poem to the memory of THOMAS HOOD, written by ROBERT S. CHILTON, Esq., now of Washington, for the KNICKERBOCKER, some three or four years ago. The beautiful sketch of 'The Garret,' concerning which we made inquiry in our last number, is from the pen of Mr. BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR, of Chicago, Illinois — a young man of decided talent. - - - 'A FEW weeks ago,' writes a town-correspondent, 'I started on a piscatory excursion with a few friends. The Long-Island train of cars bore the party as far as the beautiful village of Riverhead, where we 'sojourned for a time.' Our landlady was a puritanical-looking Yankee woman, whose education had been somewhat neglected in her earlier years; at the same time, she seemed remarkably 'well posted up' in all affairs concerning the temporal and spiritual condition of that interesting section of the country. Desirous of drawing her into conversation, and of obtaining some useful information, I put to her the following questions:

'Numerically, Madam, what is the population of Riverhead?' 'There is a considerable number of Presbyterians,' she replied, 'a few Methodists, some Baptists, and a few Swedenborgers tew.' Enlightened by her direct and off-handed answer, I then asked: 'What is the orthodox and evangelical state of the community in the village?' 'Well! some goes for SCOTT and some for FILLMORE; and WEBSTER, *he's* got a few friends tew, I guess!' Such is the amount of the population, and such is the state of 'matters and things in general,' in and about the lovely village of Riverhead. I think my 'informant' must have been the woman who so bothered the late census-taker.' He gave her up as a very 'difficult case.' - - - PERHAPS, reader, you may remember the reply of the old maid in a stage-coach to a question from 'OLLAPOD' as to where the 'Ridge-Road' was: 'That were the er-Ridge er-Road that we have stricken upon the hill, o'er which the driver have just riz!' Not unlike this pomposity of speech was a request made by a certain careful-speaking 'dandy in words,' who was out fishing upon the Susquehanna, with a couple of not very choice rowing-'blades' to aid him. All at once he paused, pointed to the shore, and said: 'Cease rowing, gentlemen, please; I fancy that I perceive a *tor-toise* bawsking upon the benk!' Looking in the direction indicated, one of the rowers said to the other: 'Hold on, BILL! 'Goy-blamed if there *ain't* a mud-turkle, any how!' The two speakers had come to the same conclusion, but in slightly different terms. - - - We are glad to announce, that a volume of *Poems by William B. Glazier, Esq.*, of Maine, is in the press, and will appear during the present summer. Mr. GLAZIER, as our readers have had occasion to know, is one of the few poets who are 'born, and not made.' He delivered a poem on the Fourth of July at Bath, (Maine,) which is pronounced by the journals of that beautiful town to have been eminently effective. 'We looked forward,' remarks the '*Weekly Mirror*,' 'with much interest to this part of the performances of the day, nor were we disappointed. Bright images of beauty, flashes of wit and humor, sweet strains of tenderness, were all mingled, falling in rapid succession upon the ears of the listeners. Such treats are rare to us, and we enjoyed it to the full.' - - - ONE of the most remarkable improvements in the modern *cuisine* are the preserved meats, fishes, soups, etc., of Mr. PETTLER, who has a depository at Number 12, Vesey-street. The soups especially are delicious, particularly the beef-soup; and so easily cooked and served are they, that all house-wives pronounce them a perfect 'God-send.' They are warranted to keep for any length of time, and in any climate. Try these potted 'fish, flesh, and fowl,' and the '*Conservees Alimentaires Végétales*,' and see whether we have not 'spoken sooth.' - - - It struck us, when we heard it, that there was something very 'Bowery-boy'-ish in a question asked by one 'soap-lock' of another, who had been trying his wind on a lung-ometer in Chatham-square: 'Look o' here, BILL, *s-a-a-y!* w'y didn't yer kem up and see me blow myself up to tw-o-o hundred and forty, be-Jeze!' There was 'a blower' for you! - - - Any metropolitan reader, who loves art, while looking through the spacious and fashionable clothing-store of Messrs. ALFRED MUNROE AND COMPANY, at Number 441, Broadway, between Howard and Grand-streets, (an establishment so extensive and admirably arranged as to be itself well worthy a visit,) will find in an upper apartment of that large building something that will excite and gratify his curiosity. Mr. JOHN VOLLMERING, an artist of distinguished talent, there transfers to new canvas, with the original colors perfectly retained, the rarest pictures, however ancient, and however much defaced upon the surface. We saw several examples of the exercise of this new discov-

ery, one of which was from a split panel, which were wonderfully perfect. It is a most important invention, and one which we think is destined to make no little sensation in the world of art. - - - WE observe that SAMUEL B. WOOLWORTH, A. M., for many years the efficient and popular Principal of the Cortland Academy, in this State, has been appointed President of the *State Normal School*, at Albany, in place of Professor PERKINS, late Principal. A better selection could not possibly have been made. With a kind heart, a sympathy for the young, great tact and experience as an instructor, a thorough scholar, and a true gentleman, in the best sense of that too often abused term, Mr. WOOLWORTH cannot fail to perform the duties of his new station to the most entire public acceptance. The pleasantest and most 'acquireful' days of our later boyhood were passed at a dear old Academy, then under his supervision; and precious associations, sad as well as joyful, are linked with his name. How different is a man of taste, of feeling, of refinement, and of discrimination, from your mere pedant of the schools! - - - 'Why in L did n't you give a signal?' said a fat English cackney, with his mouth full of sandwich, who ran wheezing after the departing cars at Narrowsburgh, the other day. 'We did,' said the conductor: 'we rang the bell.' 'Oh, ay—the b-e-l-l: I see: but w'y did n't you blow an 'orn, and then one could 'ear it: your blaästed steam-'orn, don't ye see!' The conductor put his handkerchief to his mouth to suppress 'skreems of lafture,' and arranged his tickets. - - - STANDING on the top of 'Rockland Tower,' in the twilight of our recent 'Sabbath-Day of Freedom,' with an old and endeared friend at our side, we thought, as we gazed abroad upon the almost matchless view which that scene presents, of these lines, at some time or another lodged in one of the cells of our memory:

'ALL I feel, and hear, and see,
God of Love! is full of THEE;

'EARTH with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance,
All around, and all above,
Hath this record: 'God is Love!'

'Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills;
Of the breeze and of the bird

By the gentle summer stirred;
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burthen: 'God is Love!'

'All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering: 'God is Love!'

You see we had been spending the day at 'Mount Guilford,' the delightful residence of an esteemed friend, with all the 'little people,'

'Who are happier than we,
Howsoever blest we be:'

we had visited the 'Seventy-six House,' at Tappaän, where ANDRE was confined, tried, and led forth to execution; had refreshed our patriotism at the Headquarters of WASHINGTON, near by; had seen young men and maidens, from all the country-side, assembled with light feet and lighter hearts, to dance away the hours; we had come up through the woods, redolent of wild flowers and piney odors, to the top of the tower, overlooking 'river, mountain, wood, and vale,' and our hearts were light, and grateful, and joyous within us. - - - CHAMPLAIN is a *lake*, not a '*lakelet*,' we can tell our poetical lady-correspondent at Burlington, Vermont. You might as well call a hen a 'henlet.' We like not such 'affectations, look you.' - - - THREE pages of '*Literary Record*,' and five or six of '*Gossip*,' although in type, are postponed to our next. Sorry: but could n't possibly help it: wrote too much. But twenty-four pages of 'Table' will 'do,' 'guess.

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